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The Hon. John Morley

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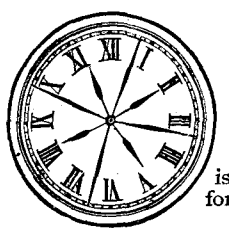

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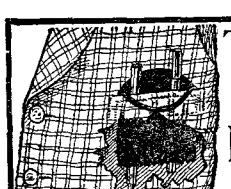

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A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

"All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest."
LAWSON VALENTINE.

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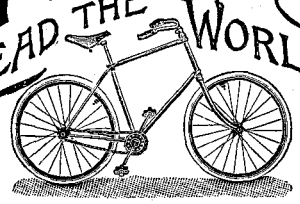

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The Outlook

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 22 July, 1893 Number 4

The Week

THE new German Reichstag assembled on July 4, listened to a characteristic communication from the Emperor, somewhat dictatorial in tone, was notified by the Chancellor that it must lose no time in discussing the revised Army Bill, and, after a brief debate, passed the bill on Saturday by a vote of 201 to 185. The majority is small, but the victory is decisive, and shows the sagacity of the Chancellor and the influence which the Emperor still has upon the masses of the German people. It is probably true that a majority of the latter are opposed to the bill, but the system of second ballots proved extremely useful to the Government by disclosing the strength of the Socialistic vote on the first ballots, and so securing adherents to the Army Bill by working upon the fears of Socialistic success. Moreover, in a legislative body divided into not less than eighteen separate factions the lines cannot be drawn as sharply as in the English Parliament or in the United States Congress, and there are always possibilities of combination between groups, brought about by personal influence or by local feeling, which make such a body in certain ways more manageable than a body divided along two or three leading lines of political opinion. The passage of the Army Bill does not seem to have created any enthusiasm outside Government circles, and in this connection it is natural to recall the criticism of Bismarck, recently made to Mr. Smalley, to the effect that the German Army needs strengthening, not in the direction of troops, but of artillery.

❀

One of the complications of the present political situation in Germany, to which attention has more than once been called in these columns, arises from the lack of harmony of feeling between the southern and the northern provinces; and the recent election, in spite of the success of the Government, makes this division very apparent. A correspondent of the London "Times" reports that the distinctness of this line of cleavage between northern and southern Germany creates uneasiness in the minds of many of the friends of the Empire, for the returns of the election show that the Government made its gains almost exclusively in Prussian Germany; that is, in Hanover, Prussion Saxony, Brandenburg, and Schleswig-Holstein, the northern provinces, where twenty-one seats were transferred from the various parties in opposition to the Government. On the other hand, the South German States, with Bavaria at their head, returned an overwhelming majority against the Army Bill. No less than forty out of the forty-eight members of the Reichstag from Bavaria, and fourteen out of the seventeen members from Wurtemburg, were pledged to vote against the bill. The southern German provinces have never taken kindly to the Prussian spirit, which is the military spirit incarnate, and they are extremely jealous of every attempt on the part of Prussia to "Prussianize" the Empire. There is an intense race feeling in Germany, which may be successfully appealed to in the event of danger from without, but it is by no means certain that the Prussian dominance can be successfully maintained if the present military aggressiveness becomes a permanent feature of that policy.

❀

There is probably a close connection between the recent success of the German Government at the polls and the prompt breaking off of negotiations for a new commercial agreement between Germany and Russia. It is said that these negotiations were stopped in obedience to peremptory orders from St. Petersburg, to the surprise and disappointment of the German Government. Nor were surprise and disappointment allayed when it was found that the Czar had signed a treaty with France, and that the duties on imports from all countries having no commercial agreement with Russia had been raised from twenty to thirty per cent. The coincidence of these three occurrences with the recent elections can hardly have been accidental. It looks very much as if they were the response of Russia to the determination of Germany to increase her military strength. A treaty of commerce between France and Russia, and the practical refusal of Russia to make such a treaty with Germany, looks very much like a tariff war. Very extensive tariff reductions are conceded to France, while very extensive advances in tariff are laid upon German imports. Tariff wars are as ineffective as they are exasperating and irrational. The tariff war belongs to the old commercial system, and is part and parcel of the series of fundamental economic misconceptions on which that system was based. Webster described tariff wars as "pernicious as to ourselves and imbecile as to foreign nations," and history shows that the only result of wars carried on by means of tariffs is to exasperate without securing practical results. Fallacious, however, as the method may be, the fact that it is employed by Russia is significant of the failure of the Emperor to reknit the ties between the two countries, and is also significant as showing the futility of endeavoring to maintain peace by constantly increasing armies.

❀

The French and the Siamese have come into actual conflict on the Mekong River, and several forts have been taken by French marines. There is great excitement in Bangkok, and much agitation in French and English diplomatic circles. The immediate locality in dispute is insignificant; the real motive is to be found in the fact that the Mekong River is the great waterway to the rich southwestern provinces of China, towards which the commercial desires of both England and France go out very strongly, the French being determined to control the southern China trade by

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securing control of the river which gives access to that trade. The aggressions of the French are interpreted as the first step in a programme which aims at the seizure of the Siamese territory between the boundary line of Annam and the Mekong River, the Kingdom of Cambodia already being under French protection. The English believe that the aims of the French are not wholly commercial, but that they intend in the end to place the Kingdom of Siam in the same catagory with Cambodia, Annam, and Tunis, which have practically become French territory. This prospect may dangle before the eyes of the French colonists and of the French Foreign Office; and to France, as to England, Siam, with its trade, its great forests of teak-wood, and its other sources of wealth, is very alluring. Moreover, if France becomes established in Siam, she may become, in certain contingencies, a very effective ally of Russia. Her position on one side of the British Indian Empire and the position of Russia on the other side might offer very serious embarrassments to Great Britain; the Russians would not be oblivious of this fact, and it would naturally tie them still more closely to the French. In any event, and whatever may be the ultimate views of the Great Powers, the activity of France in Siam is just now extremely important.

❀

There has been a revolutionary outbreak during the past week in Brazil. So contradictory have been the dispatches that it is not yet possible to judge the extent or importance of the war. According to some dispatches the insurrection has already been entirely put down; according to others it is just beginning. The trouble seems to be confined entirely to the province of Rio Grande do Sul, a large and important State in the southern part of Brazil. The political quarrel which has led to war arose two years ago, when the Brazilian Federal Government interfered in the State election for Governor. The Governor, Castilhos, who was supported by the National authorities, has since been maintained in power by Federal soldiers, and a very strong feeling has been wrought up throughout the State against the National Government. One of the leaders in the opposition has been Admiral Wanbenkolk, who last week, with a party of insurgents, entered the harbor of the capital of Rio Grande. Accounts differ as to the success of his little naval expedition; some say that he crossed the bar and held the city under his power; others that he is now blockading the port; still others say that he was at once driven away from the harbor by a Brazilian war-ship; and the very latest dispatches assert that he has surrendered and is a prisoner. The Government has forbidden the transmission of secret dispatches to this country, and supervises all messages which reach American papers. It is certain that, whether this attempt succeeds or fails, the province in which it is taking place is in a condition of serious discontent, and is very likely, sooner or later, to insist upon the political independence which it has long coveted.

❀

The recent disaster to the Victoria, the official inquiry about which is now going on, has painfully reminded the English people that during the past few years they have sustained disasters to their navy "sufficient to cripple the fighting strength of a third-class Power, and to deprive England during the present year of the services of a formidable fleet." Since the Sultan ran upon the rocks there have been six or more serious accidents to war-vessels —a fact which is calling out a great deal of discussion in the English newspapers and in naval circles, and which necessarily raises the presumption of mismanagement on the part of commanding officers. A still more serious question, however, is raised by this record, and one which affects the seaworthiness and general efficiency of these great engines of destruction. In spite of the trained scientific skill which has been employed in the building of these great cruisers and war-ships, it is still an open question whether they are properly constructed and whether the naval construction of the future is to follow the lines marked out in recent ship-building. Until there has been a battle between two modern fleets, or between two typical vessels of the modern type, the world will not be certain of the safety and efficiency of these immensely expensive vessels. There has been, as yet, no actual experiment of a decisive kind which has shown the effect of improved artillery on the steel-clad ships, and there are many naval officers who are of opinion that the modern ship in many ways is much more destructible than was the old wooden ship. The science of managing these cumbrous vessels in war is still to be learned; indeed, it looks very much as if the art of managing them in times of peace were still to be mastered; for it is evident, from the long series of disasters sustained by the English navy, that executive officers have not yet learned how to handle these great ships, nor to maneuver them with dispatch and safety. The enormous expenditure involved in the building of these vessels suggests the propriety of subjecting them to a more thorough test in order to determine whether the expenditure is wise. The sinking of the Victoria may compel a revision of modern naval building.

❀

Reports of the existence of cholera in Egypt came over the ocean cable last week, but special inquiry by our Surgeon-General, Dr. Wyman, from his agent at Alexandria brought a prompt and positive denial. The fact, if true, would have been of importance because of our trade in rags with Egypt and because of the danger of the epidemic working its way westward to Italy; the rumor obtained currency because of the ravages of cholera in Arabia, and the reasonable probability of its extending southward. The frightful mortality in and about Mecca—reaching as high as a thousand deaths in a day—is no new thing. The epidemic is no more than has occurred half a dozen times in the last generation, and it may be expected to recur so long as myriads of pilgrims throng the small city, living under no sanitary precautions whatever, and being absolutely careless of life, esteeming it, indeed, a sure passport to the joys of paradise to die in or near the holy ground. The streets of Mecca and the roads near it are described as strewn with the unburied victims of cholera, ignorance, and fanaticism. The danger to Western peoples from this Eastern source is considerable, though probably not immediate. There is an International Sanitary Council established in Egypt which is doing all in its power to protect the Suez Canal and the exposed part of the Mediterranean, but it is quite possible for the infection to spread through Asia Minor and Persia to Russia or Constantinople. Thence it might readily gain foothold in some city of western Europe where the sanitary conditions are as bad as were those of Hamburg last year. The lesson of Mecca is the lesson of Hamburg accentuated. Mecca, though it has about 50,000 inhabitants and sometimes more than as many pilgrim visitors, has not one sewer or even surface drain, all matter that should be carried off being thrown into open pits. The water of "Hagar's Well," supposed to be of miraculous power, has been analyzed and found to contain 235 grains of solid matter to the gallon; it abounds in nitrites, and beyond doubt is contaminated from the vile open pits just men-

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tioned. With clean streets, pure water, good drainage, and a watchful Board of Health, no city need nowadays seriously fear an extended epidemic of cholera.

❀

In Austria the movement for manhood suffrage reported last week grows in importance, and is effecting, among other things, an unusual harmony of action between the different nationalities represented in the Empire. The agitation, inspired by the kindred agitation in Belgium, has received great impulse from the disclosure of the strength of the Socialistic party at the polls in Germany, and it is perhaps this feature of the case that is filling the official people in Austria with a good deal of apprehension. There are, moreover, serious labor troubles in Bohemia and in parts of Hungary, and, for the moment at least, the race and national lines, which have been so sharply defined, are erased by these new interests which divide men along industrial rather than along national lines.

❀

Our financial outlook is more hopeful than at any time since the beginning of the present crisis. There is less tension, less demand for money and more facility in securing it; but the uncertainty still continues and will continue until the meeting of Congress early next month. Meanwhile the discussion of the questions at issue goes on in all parts of the country, and no other public question will secure a hearing until the currency question is disposed of. The New York Chamber of Commerce, at a recent meeting, passed a series of resolutions declaring that the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act is essential to the prompt restoration of National prosperity, and urging that a representative commission should be appointed by Congress at the special session to examine all the coinage and currency laws of the United States and to report at the regular session of Congress a comprehensive plan for a safe and elastic currency. Many commercial and financial organizations in the East and West have taken similar action, and a convention has been called to meet at St. Paul for the purpose of urging the repeal of the Sherman Act. A Bimetallic Congress is to meet the first week in August. On Wednesday of last week a largely attended Silver Convention was held in Colorado, and an address to the people of the United States issued, in which, after commenting on the financial condition and stating very strongly the extent and character of the silver interests of the country and the need of silver currency, it is said that bimetallists ask that the law relating to coinage, as it existed for seventy-five years, be restored without change, and that if, after a fair trial of that law, silver shall not resume its former relative value with gold, bimetallists will cheerfully submit to any legislation experience may suggest as necessary to make every dollar in the United States equal in intrinsic value to every dollar bearing its stamp. The extravagant metaphor and unmeasured violence of some of the free silver men in Colorado are not to be taken as expressing the sober sentiment of the silver-purchasing States. It is unfortunate for the cause of bimetallism that these wild utterances should have been made. What is needed now above all things is a dispassionate investigation of the whole currency question, and an endeavor, without prejudice and without consulting private, local, or personal interests, to find the greatest good of the greatest number. It is high time that such phrases as "silver lunatics" and "gold bugs" were banished from discussion.

❀

The results of opening the World's Fair on Sunday have curiously disproved the statements of extremists on both sides. The comparatively few people who have been at the Fair on Sunday have been conspicuously quiet, orderly, and unobjectionable. The Sabbath desecrators have failed to materialize; those who went to Jackson Park were as orderly and respectable as are those who visit picture galleries and other places of popular instruction open in various cities on Sunday. On the other hand, those who predicted that great crowds would throng the grounds of the White City the moment the gates were opened on Sunday have been grievously disappointed. There have been no crowds of any kind; on the contrary, the numbers have been so small that, as a matter of finance, the Local Directory has finally decided to close the Fair on Sunday. Either the wage-earners are not interested in the Fair, or else, as is more likely, they objected to paying full rates for a half show. It is unfortunate that the Local Directory have dealt with this question in such a blundering spirit from the start; that, having accepted a large appropriation on condition that the Fair should be kept closed, they were willing to violate that agreement and keep it open, and that now, instead of basing their final action on a confession of error in their previous judgment, they base it solely on financial considerations. It is a relief, however, to have the question disposed of. As The Outlook pointed out weeks ago, neither the dignity, the integrity, nor the importance of the Fair is diminished by this blunder on the part of the local management.

❀

Apart from the Sunday-closing action, the week at Chicago has been an interesting one. No one of the "World's Congresses" has surpassed in interest that of the authors, with its important subdivisions of librarians and folk-lore students. Mr. Walter Besant was the most noted guest from abroad, and among the speakers or contributors of papers were Sir Frederick Pollock, Charles Dudley Warner, Henry Arthur Jones, John Burroughs, H. D. Traill, Eugene Field, "Marion Harland," and many others. A broad variety of topics relating to literature, criticism, and publishing was discussed.——The auditors of the World's Fair finances have made a statement showing that up to July 1 the total gate receipts have amounted to $2,121,660.76, and that the excess of total receipts over running expenses up to July 1 has been over a million dollars. The total expenditures for the same period amounted to $20,610,160.40. Since July 1 it is believed that there has been an increase in the ratio of receipts to expenses.——The Viking Ship arrived at Chicago last week, and Captain Andersen and his crew were welcomed with enthusiasm.——The official inquiry into the fatal fire at the Cold Storage Building is in progress; by a chance of horrible irony a sign was found projecting from the ruins bearing the assertion: "This Building Fireproof." If it is true, as is widely stated, that the owners had refused to carry up the shaft in the tower to the height called for by the specifications, although warned by two fires in the same place, criminal proceedings would seem to be in order. Some $25,000 was raised for the families of the victims of the disaster by the entrance fees to the Fair on Sunday last, which was called "Heroes' Day." In order to prevent panic in the future, visitors will not hereafter be allowed to ascend to the roofs of the buildings.

❀

The total expenditure of the Government for the past fiscal year for pensions, and for the army and the navy, amounted to about $240,000,000. The significance of these figures may be suggested by the fact that they represent more than one-half the total expenditure of the Gov-

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ernment, and that they are nearly double the amount of the military expenditures of either France or Germany, both of which are practically upon a war footing, and are straining every nerve to put the last man in the field and spend the last dollar upon him. Years ago, General Garfield declared that the maximum sum to be expended upon pensions ought not to exceed $30,000,000. It is now fast approaching $200,000,000, and it is high time, as the "Financial Chronicle" says, to call a halt. Fortunately, the time has gone by when an attempt to speak frankly and honestly about the pension business could be seized by demagogues as an occasion for branding the critic as unpatriotic. Veterans of the class which the country honors, and whose interests will always be cherished, have found out that their friends are not the men who attempt to buy the soldier vote, but the men who wish to discriminate between the worthy and unworthy on the pension roll. All honor to the worthy men who are there; the country would willingly do more for them if the unworthy men could only be taken off. The Pension Bureau is now examining the list of pensioners under the Dependent Pension Act of 1890, for the purpose of taking off all names not properly there. The Act declares that the Secretary of the Interior must secure due proof of the fact that applicants are "suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from professions of manual labor." The Department believes that in many cases such proof has not been furnished, and it proposes to make a rigid examination. In such an examination, and in all attempts to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy on the pension rolls, it will have the support of the country.

John Morley

Until Mr. Gladstone formed his present Administration, and astonished the political world by making Mr. Asquith, a young lawyer from the back benches of the House of Commons, Home Secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, Mr. John Morley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, whose portrait will be found on another page, held a unique place in English politics. He had been a Member of the House of Commons for much less than the average lifetime of a Parliament when he was made a Cabinet Minister. In fact, he stepped almost directly from the editorial chair of the "Pall Mall Gazette" into the Cabinet, and had had even a shorter apprenticeship to politics at Westminster than had fallen to the lot of Mr. Asquith, for when Mr. Asquith went to the Home Office last autumn he had had seven years of Parliamentary life, while Mr. Morley had been little more than two years in the House of Commons when he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's 1886 Administration. Mr. Morley had sought to enter Parliament as far back as 1869, when he unsuccessfully contested Blackburn, one of the large cotton towns in Lancashire, where, in 1838, he was born, and where for many years his father practiced as a physician. Again at the general election in 1880 Mr. Morley was an unsuccessful candidate, this time for the city of Westminster, and it was not until 1883 that he obtained a seat. In February of that year he succeeded the late Mr. Ashton Dilke as one of the two Members for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and became the Parliamentary colleague, in the representation of that city, of a picturesque but enigmatical figure in English politics, Mr. Joseph Cowen, the editor of the Newcastle "Daily Chronicle." But if up to this time Mr. Morley had been unsuccessful in obtaining a seat in the House of Commons, he had been for some years a power in the Liberal party, and especially with the Radical wing.

From 1867 to 1882 he was editor of the "Fortnightly Review," and although his connection with the "Pall Mall Gazette" and with daily journalism lasted only about three years, they were critical years in the history of English Liberalism. In 1880 the "Pall Mall Gazette," as regards its political character, underwent a remarkable change. Hitherto it had been the organ of high Toryism, but when the paper passed from the hands of Mr. George Smith, the well-known London publisher, to those of his son-in-law, Mr. Yates Thomson, its politics were completely changed. Mr. Morley succeeded Mr. Frederick Greenwood as editor, and for nearly ten years afterwards the "Pall Mall Gazette" was the most powerful exponent of Liberalism in London. There were at the time of the change in 1880 other Liberal papers in London, but none of them ever possessed a tithe of the individuality and strength of character of the "Pall Mall Gazette" during the years when Mr. Morley was editor, and during those in which the place previously occupied by Mr. Morley was held by Mr. Stead; and it is extremely doubtful whether the Liberal press of England ever had a better representative than the "Pall Mall Gazette" during the years when Mr. Morley was its editor and Mr. Stead his associate.

The period was a critical one for the Liberal party because at this time the Irish question, as English people now know it, was coming to the front; Mr. Parnell and his followers were holding together in a manner altogether new in English politics; and it was also the eve of the Reform measure of 1884, which was to set the seal on the great change which the Reform Act of 1832 inaugurated, and make England a democracy. Before Mr. Morley went into the House of Commons in 1883, he had come out in favor of Home Rule; and in the "Pall Mall Gazette," as well as in the "Fortnightly Review," he had done excellent service for the Radicalism of which Mr. Chamberlain was then the leading exponent in the House of Commons.

After Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule and the formation of the first Home Rule Administration in February, 1886, Mr. Morley became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and during his short administration at the Irish office, extending from February to July, 1886, he gained for himself the good will and confidence of the Irish Nationalists. None of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in the Cabinet was more in earnest over the first Home Rule Bill than Mr. Morley. He had a large share in drafting the bill. He made a memorable speech in support of it in the House of Commons on the second reading debate; and after the rejection of the bill, and the subsequent defeat of the Home Rulers in the constituencies, he became one of the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons. The next six years were trying times for the Gladstonian Liberals both in and out of Parliament. The Unionists were returned with a large majority, and it dwindled but slowly at the by-elections; and then, after the Parnell Commission, in 1888, had cleared up the most serious imputations which had been made by the "Times" against Mr. Parnell's political character, and the flowing tide was actually with the Gladstonians, there came the dismal scandal of the divorce court, the internal trouble in the Irish party, and the setback it brought about for the cause of which Mr. Morley had been so long a sincere and enthusiastic advocate. The outlook for Home Rule never looked worse than it did at the commencement of the winter session of 1890. Anything might have happened at that time. But

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Mr. Morley never lost heart, and none of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues went into the last general election with more robust hopefulness than the present Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Newcastle is a peculiar constituency. Although Mr. Morley is immensely popular with the Liberals and Radicals on Tyneside, and no man more so with the coal-miners of Northumberland and Durham, he has always had to fight hard for his seat. For reasons which have never been generally understood, Mr. Morley's former Liberal and Home Rule colleague, Mr. Joseph Cowen, while withdrawing himself from Parliamentary life in 1886, put himself in opposition to Mr. Morley after the Home Rule controversy became acute, and so did his paper, the Newcastle "Daily Chronicle." The Liberals held their own in 1886, and carried both seats, with Mr. Morley at the head of the poll. In 1892, however, they suffered a reverse. They elected Mr. Morley, but failed to elect his former Liberal colleague, and Mr. Morley's own majority was much smaller than it had been before. This was due entirely to the action of the Socialistic Labor party. Mr. Morley had declined to pledge himself to a legal eight-hour day; in fact, he had bluntly told a deputation that he would not vote for the measure; and in consequence of this outspokenness the Socialists voted against him at the general election in July; and in September, when he had to seek re-election after accepting office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, they again endeavored to bring about his defeat and throw both the Newcastle seats into the hands of the Unionists.

Mr. Morley's action in regard to the eight-hour day is in keeping with his character. There is about him nothing of the trimmer or the waverer. He may be depended upon to say what he means on every occasion, no matter what the risk of so doing may be, and it is this characteristic which has given him the place he holds not only with the supporters of Home Rule but also with his opponents. No one has ever doubted Mr. Morley's sincerity as a Home Ruler, or his belief in the practicability of the bill which he is helping Mr. Gladstone to get through committee in the House of Commons. Mr. Morley is not as great a parliamentarian as Sir William Harcourt, with whom he shares the leadership when the Premier is not present, nor has he the same power of attracting men and attaching them to him as Mr. Gladstone. Had he Sir William Harcourt's readiness and effectiveness in debate and mastery of parliamentary tactics, and even a small portion of Mr. Gladstone's magnetic power over his followers, Mr. Morley would be without a rival when the time comes for the Liberal party to determine upon its next leader. Even as it is, he has qualities which make him in many respects Sir William Harcourt's superior, and with the rank and file of the Liberal party, with those who know Mr. Morley only on the platform or through his speeches in Parliament, he is generally looked upon as Mr. Gladstone's successor.

At the present time Mr. Morley the writer is in some danger of being overshadowed by Mr. Morley the politician—a fate which is gradually overtaking another of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, Sir George Trevelyan. But with students Mr. Morley's "Voltaire," "Rousseau," and "Diderot and the Encyclopedists" hold a place peculiarly their own; and by a wider circle of readers Mr. Morley's position in the world of letters is maintained by his Life of Cobden, by the volume on Walpole which in 1889 he contributed to the "Statesmen Series," and also by his discriminating editorship of Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" series.

Daring to Hope

"On the evening gate of this century," said Richter, "stands written: Here is the way to Virtue and Wisdom." These are the words of a man who dared to hope, not that somehow, in some way, the wrong would be made right and the sorrows of life be assuaged, but that to society as to the individual the best things will eventually come, and that the noblest dreams of the noblest men are but faint prophecies of the divine realities of the future. There is a place for the pessimist who believes that the present is full of evil and ought to be made better; every man ought to be a pessimist in that sense; but if there is a God, there is no place for the man who is a pessimist as regards the ultimate issues of life and time. Hope is not simply an amiable and cheerful quality of character; it is the convincing evidence of faith. To lack it is to doubt God; to possess it as a deep and powerful impulse is to believe in God as the most real of all realities. Carlyle was right when he said that in every age the critical conflict is between the believer and the unbeliever; between the man who sees in all life the manifestation of a divine purpose, and the man who sees nothing beyond the tangible and material order and movement about him; and this conflict is critical and fundamental, because the ideas which dominate society are determined in the end by belief or disbelief in God. There are good men who do not accept any formal statement of the existence and nature of Deity, but the real atheists are few. Atheism in theory or in practice is the root of all evil, and vital belief in God is not only the loftiest attainment of the human mind, but it is the necessity of society; without it society would disintegrate.

But to believe in God is not always to realize his presence in the turmoil of human strife and struggle. The working faith of a multitude is expressed in the comment once made to Carlyle by his mother: "Thomas, the world is a lie, but God is true." With all his marvelous endowments, Carlyle never got beyond this frightful contradiction—a contradiction which has its root in atheism. There are lies in this world because there are men in it who make and utter lies; but if God is true, the world must also be true. The difficulty with most of us is that we believe as far as we can see, and we doubt the rest of the way; when we come to the great mystery of pain, sin, sorrow, and waste, we invoke the Devil, and divide the government of the universe between him and God. This is an easy and deceptive solution of the mystery; but to the thoughtful man it is no solution at all, either in religion or philosophy. No compromise is possible between faith and atheism, however often theology may have tried, in its intellectual blindness and spiritual faintness of heart, to make one. There is a God, or there is not; if there is no God, no man can think evil enough of this world and the life men live in it; if there is a God, nothing is too good to believe, because, as Paul has told us in one of his most impassioned statements, no man can comprehend the resources of a divine creation in the final development of blessedness. In a God-made world there is no room for the pessimist—for the man who believes in God as far as he can understand what is going on around him, and then takes refuge in the Devil when he gets beyond his depth. To really believe in God in the world to come, one must believe in him in the world that now is; and there never was ranker atheism than the feeling of doubt often expressed by good people about the outcome of the struggle going on about us.

To hope is, therefore, not a privilege, but a duty; for

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hope is the temper that grows out of belief. If God is really with us, and humanity has not defeated his purpose nor the world slipped from his grasp, then we are bound to hope. Men forget how much fear they have outlived and how far the black shadow which once rested on the landscape of life has receded. Primitive life was enveloped in mystery and darkened by fear. There was fear of the dead, of the malice of evil spirits, of possession by demons, of monsters in the sea and hateful existences in the forests, of blight, of envious stars, of magical influences; all existence was encircled by shadows, and every unexplored place was peopled with enemies. One by one these grosser fears vanished, to be followed by intellectual bogies and monstrosities not so tangible but even more disheartening; and now these later phantasms of the brain are going the way of all unbelief—for fear is always a form of unbelief. Men are beginning to live as the children of God, not only as their fathers did, in righteousness and humility, but also in cheerfulness and hope. The problems of life were never more pressing or more appalling, and were never comprehended so generally, as at this moment; but with this development of a world-wide consciousness of misery there is coming a world-wide consciousness of a God working through all human conditions, however dark and forbidding. The method of evolution throws a flood of light on many dark places, and there are many who are learning the great lesson of postponing judgment until fuller knowledge comes, and meantime believing, not only that wrong things are to be ended, but that right things are to come in their places. Negative salvation will not answer in a God-made world; it is not enough to extricate ourselves from the wreck; the world itself must be saved.

And this salvation is coming through those who dare to hope; who believe that the world as God made it is good, and life as God planned it a blessing; who reject the idea of a "vale of tears," and accept the idea of a great field of growth, struggle, and fruitage. Society is moved upward by the men who dare to hope, often against all apparent reason for hope; who insist, no matter how black the night, that Browning is right, and that "God's in his heaven" and "All's well with the world." Christ hoped in the darkness of a despairing world; Paul sublimely described himself as "a prisoner of hope;" Luther took counsel of his hope and gave his fears to the wind; Phillips Brooks dared to believe the divinest truth about God and the most inspiring and consoling things about humanity, and he opened the door of the future to a multitude who, without such leadership, would hardly have dared to believe such a gospel true. For many of us do not dare to believe in God and in our fellows and in ourselves. The leaders are the men who dare to believe; who hold to the possibility of making life richer and happier, of making religion deeper and sweeter, of making the Church diviner in its sympathy and ministry, of making business more Christian, laws more just, society more like God's thought of it and less like man's fear of his neighbor. The critical spirit has its place and work in this world, but leadership belongs to the constructive spirit, quick to see truth however garbed, to recognize progress however humbly heralded, and to honor growth however limited and crude. The pessimist has his immediate duty and work, but the future belongs to the optimist—to the man who dares to hope, and binds his fortunes to his hopes as to the most enduring realities.

Bigotry is a kind of rheumatism, which twists a man's soul into all sorts of deformities.—*Henry Simon.*

True Ownership

A story is told of Phillips Brooks that not long before his death he was made very indignant by an agent who declared that he had brought a certain book to him because there were to be but twenty-four copies of it, and the Bishop could have the satisfaction of knowing that only twenty-four persons besides himself could own the work. With the large-heartedness which characterized him, Bishop Brooks resented what was, in reality, an appeal to the selfish side of his nature, although it took a form which is, unfortunately, far too persuasive for most men to resist. An American poet has expressed the same reaction against a conventional and ancient standard of value in the words "I will not have anything that everybody cannot have." It is a striking commentary on the old civilization, from which we are swiftly breaking away in so many directions, that exclusive ownership was one of the things which it valued most, whereas, in reality, exclusive ownership is one of the things which the high-minded man and woman ought to spurn. There is no real joy in any work if that joy has its spring in the consciousness that no one can share it with us, and that we own it as something exclusive and personal. The essence of joy, as of all the great satisfactions of life, is in sharing it with others. The very fact that the owner of a great picture finds satisfaction in feeling that it belongs to him alone, and that he can keep the whole world from it, as a miser can keep the world from his gold, is evidence that he does not understand and has not entered into the real possession of the art which he owns. The first fruit of a real possession of any noble or beautiful thing is the desire to divide our possession with others.

The Reaction in France

The notable reaction in French thought and life against pessimism, agnosticism, and naturalism, reported at length in these columns a few weeks ago in connection with the appearance of a translation of M. Wagner's "Youth," does not fail to awaken antagonism among some scientists and among the literary men who are devoted to naturalism. The new movement has awakened interest and enthusiasm among French students, and to counteract this growing enthusiasm a league has been formed, public meetings have been held, and many addresses have been made, protesting against a return to what some of these gentlemen are pleased to regard as the sentimentalism of the past. They object to the diagnosis of M. Wagner, according to which the youth of France are suffering from a variety of diseases which have their root in some form of atheism, and their attitude toward the new movement is indicated by the comment of a well-known French professor on the endeavor of Young France to once more find a God. This God, says Professor Aulard, is not unknown. "On the contrary, we are very well acquainted with him, and everybody knows how, for many centuries, he has put fetters on the reason." The vigor and promise of the new movement are also emphasized by some recent words of Zola addressed to a company of students. That powerful and uncompromising writer evidently feels that a new atmosphere is forming about him, and that the young men are breaking away from his influence. He recognizes the new movement toward ideality and imagination in art. After referring to the changes effected by Manet and other impressionists during the last twenty-five years, he adds: "But yesterday, after a

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lapse of fifteen years, I noticed that in the midst of the fresh limpidity of these latter-day works a mystic haze is slowly rising." His faith in what he would call the scientific movement is, however, unshaken, and he declares that the present reaction is only a halt in the general movement.

This attempt to stem the rising tide of religious feeling, moral earnestness, and artistic longing for a freer and purer atmosphere is natural, but it will fail to arrest the progress of an inevitable reaction from the tendencies of the last twenty-five years. The acuteness and power of Taine, the charm of Renan, the tremendous force of Zola, and the exquisite art of De Maupassant cannot conserve the methods by which these notable writers have achieved distinction. Their special claim is the submission of art to the rigorous standards of truth set up by science, but their common characteristic is their failure to tell the whole truth. A part of the truth they have told with great power, but the whole truth, or the most important part of truth, they have entirely failed to tell. Taine brought out with marvelous distinctness some of the large, natural features of English literature, but he failed to grasp its spiritual significance, and so failed to reach its heart; Renan invested Hebrew life with contemporary freshness and interest, but he never sounded the depths of the tremendous spiritual energy and vitality of the race, and therefore missed the secret of the race character and achievement; while of Zola and De Maupassant, so widely different and yet having so much in common, it must be said that life on this planet could not continue if those phases of it which these great writers have portrayed were really representative. A good deal of the art of France for the past quarter of a century has been limited in its perception of truth; it has often been diseased in its choice of subjects. The limitation of its methods is seen in the fact that they cannot be carried further; there is nothing beyond Zola but absolute nudity; if the mind moves at all, it must take a new direction. That direction it is now taking, and lovers of the great French people are taking heart once more in consequence. If life is the disease which De Maupassant has so unflinchingly diagnosed and described, let us have no more books or pictures; sick men have no business with art. There is, however, a native health in humanity which will not tolerate the hospital conception of life; which believes that there is a soul in everybody, and that living is a natural function and not a disease.

Editorial Notes

The figure of the Governor of Colorado, eager to ride in blood up to his bridle, is less portentous when one discovers that it is seated on a hobby-horse. The people of Colorado are not lacking in humor, and this impressing spectacle, with that of Creede taking up arms against the world, cannot have been lost on them. The West is too keen to miss the element of broad farce in both these performances.

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One does not often meet a neater characterization than that of the word slang attributed by Mr. Brander Matthews to Professor Lounsbury of Yale: "Slang is an effort on the part of the users of language to say something more vividly, strongly, concisely, than the language itself permits." It may be added that when the effort succeeds, the word lives; when it fails, the word is soon marked "an archaic vulgarism."

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It will be interesting to know what has become of the crowds of eager workmen clamoring at the gates of the World's Fair for admission on Sunday, and denouncing the white-tied, long-haired, sanctimonious parsons on the inside, whom "Puck" presented to its readers, week after week, not many months ago. The crowd of working people has never materialized, and it is fair to infer that the crowd of sanctimonious ministers never existed outside the mind of "Puck's" artist.

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It is almost certain that this year will see two additions to the Roman Catholic calendar of saints—Christopher Columbus and Joan of Arc. Mr. Justin Winsor would hardly agree with the Pope about Columbus's claim to sainthood, but as the old practice of having a "diaboli advocatus" at the canonization is no longer in force, Columbus is not likely to share the fate of Pungilovo of Ferrara, who was on the very point of being declared a saint when it was discovered that he had been a "Catharist:" so the Church, instead of canonizing him, dug him up and burned him to ashes.

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The charm of Old World manners and the ripeness of Old World civilization sometimes find rather singular expression. For instance, the following extract from a review of the Daly company in London which appeared in a recent number of "The Speaker:"

> I used the word flamboyant just now, and I must apply it again to Miss Rehan's Katherine, one of the most tremendous exhibitions of feminine animalism the stage can show, a thing of shrieks, roars, squeaks, gurgles, tender cooing notes, and rich orotund passages of pure melody. The rest are as God, the Declaration of Independence, and the American climate have made them; they are rough, they are crude, their elocution is lamentable, and the garish colors they affect in their costumes act on my nerves like the sudden blare of a coach-horn.

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One of the most delightful anniversaries of this summer was the centenary of the death of Gilbert White, the faithful recorder of the "Natural History of Selborne," which fell on the 24th of June, and was celebrated by a visit of the English Selborne Society to the Hampshire village in which Gilbert White wrote one of the earliest out-of-door English classics. Since his time there have been many students and observers of nature, but none more frank, simple, and unaffected than the quiet student of nature who had leisure enough to record the movements of his garden turtle. One envies the men of the last century the quietude of mind and body which made a turtle an object of interest. In these days nothing smaller than an elephant can command attention.

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If Captain Andersen of the Norwegian Viking Ship is a man of taste and discretion, it is doubtful whether he received the worse impression from the outrage by the stupid Brooklyn police or from this wretched facetiousness attributed by a Chicago paper to Mayor Harrison in his address of welcome:

> Captain Andersen, to you and your gallant crew I tender the freedom of the city of Chicago, and that freedom will at least mean this much, that there will be no danger of your being arrested as you were in the East for a little hilariousness that it was natural you should feel. If such a condition should come over you, I know that the protectors of Chicago will protect you; and, lest any of them may make a mistake, let me take this piece of chalk and make a mark upon your brow, which I do now [great applause], and it will be recognized by every policeman in Chicago, and by every citizen of Chicago, and no trouble will befall you while you remain in our midst. Paint the town red, Captain Andersen, and have your gallant crew assist you in doing the painting; and paint it as red as your own sunburnt faces, reddened by the blasts of the Atlantic.

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An amusing instance of the slap-dash school of journalistic writing has just been afforded by the clever literary critic of the London "Speaker," Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. Having heard that Chief Justice Coleridge, in a school address, had declared that "any estimate which placed Tennyson below Shakespeare was the mark of a Philistine," the critic pounced upon the Lord Chief Justice and polished him off brilliantly and wittily in a page or so of large type for what was called this "utterance of a solemn amateur on a purely literary topic." But it turns out that what Lord Coleridge did was to say ironically that he would not treat of Tennyson because he knew that at present any estimate which placed him below Shakespeare was the mark of a Philistine, and the reports emphasized the irony with the usual "[laughter]." It is just as well in criticism as in other things to look before you leap.

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A Centenary of Discovery

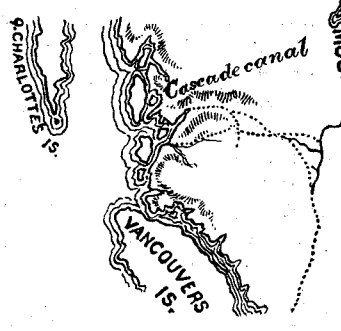
By Ernest Ingersoll

TO-DAY, July 22, 1893, is a centennial anniversary of a very notable incident in American history. In the year 1784 there was employed in the office of Gregory, McLeod & Co., of Montreal, a young Scotchman of restless and adventurous disposition, energetic, vigorous, and possessed of iron resolution—a man cut out for stress and grand enterprises. This young man was Alexander Mackenzie—a name soon to be written in ineffaceable characters upon the history of the Northwest, for he, first of white men, was to cross the continent to the shores of the Pacific; and this feat, Mackenzie's greatest monument of fame, was achieved on July 22, 1793—one hundred years ago to-day.

Alexander Mackenzie

Gregory, McLeod & Co. had just organized the Northwest Fur Company; and in the year above mentioned (1784) their clerk had been admitted as a partner, and in 1785 was placed in charge of the most northern department, as a full Bourgeois de Compagnie de Nord-Ouest. He succeeded remarkably well, but to a man of his large education and active mind the petty routine and loneliness of a remote trading-post were unendurable. He determined to push discoveries northward, and in 1789 descended, to the Arctic Sea, the vast and then unknown river which yet bears his name.

But this was only a bit of training for the greater enterprise he had in view. He was convinced that the finding of a practicable overland route from the Great Lakes to the Pacific would open up almost incalculable commercial advantages to the fur company. It was a Gordian-knot-cutting of the old, old problem as to that "Northwest passage" which had engaged the ambition of explorers and navigators ever since the time of Cabot and Drake.



The plains Indians asserted that far to the westward a great river ran parallel with the Mackenzie, and fell into the Western ocean. They meant, no doubt, the Yukon, which Mackenzie never saw; but he felt sure, even if this river did not prove practicable, that some other water highway would be found descending westward from the highlands whence the Peace and the Saskatchewan brought such ample and constant currents. This proved to be true, but he could not profit by it, after all.

Of all his struggles to gain permission and make ready for this exploration one cannot speak here. In the spring of 1793 he was back at Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, completing his outfit. He built a bark canoe that would carry all his party and 3,000 pounds of cargo, and yet was so light, when empty, that two men might carry it a long distance without resting.

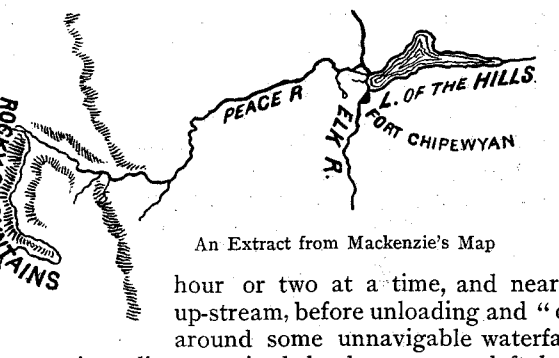
But it was not easy to get men to go with him. They were at once indolent and fearful. The Indians knew little more of the country to the west than did the Canadians, and the only redskin who could be of any service as a guide deserted the party at the last moment. Nevertheless, on May 9, with a Scotch mate named Alexander McKay, six French *voyageurs*, and two Chipewyan hunters, Mackenzie began his eventful journey.

Near the outlet of Lake Athabasca, about N. latitude 59°, there comes from the southwest a river much like the upper Missouri. It is the Peace; and nearly all of this month of May the party paddled up and up its course, with little to interrupt or vary their progress. Gradually the stream grew narrower, the current swifter, the banks more rugged and steep, until at last they found themselves engulfed in tremendous gorges and baffled by rocks and rapids.

The Rocky Mountains here rise into almost the loftiest peaks of the whole range, crowned by glaciers and ceaselessly hurling avalanches into the valleys. Just here, however, they are broken by a low and narrow gap, into the bottom of which Peace River has cut a chain of cañons, each the channel of boiling cataracts. Here the big canoe and all its baggage had to be carried along the steep walls, lifted over great headlands, or forced through dense forests. The men, worn out with terrific labor, exposed to cold and hunger, and a prey to chimerical superstitions worse in their effect than the real dangers at hand, were almost beyond management; and one day the canoe, their only resource, was dashed to pieces and a large part of the outfit was lost.

One can hardly realize the perils and discouragements, nor appreciate the patience and tact, the skillful appeals to their pride, and the masterful firmness and force which their leader must have exercised in this supreme emergency (as so often before) to keep his rough crew together and persuade them to go on.

He succeeded. Another smaller and more manageable boat was built, the terrible mountain pass was traversed, and the intrepid voyagers plunged into that forest-buried maze of cañons, swamps, lakes, and rock-broken torrents which has resisted civilization to this day. Nowhere could they paddle more than an hour or two at a time, and nearly always up-stream, before unloading and "carrying" around some unnavigable waterfall or over some impediment raised by beavers or left by a flood. The canoe must be repaired every day, and usually with unsuitable materials. Game was scarce, and even good fish could seldom be caught. Rain was almost incessant, and the June freshets were at hand. At length the canoe was sucked into a cataract, utterly wrecked, and nearly all their bullets were lost; and a few hours later the loss of all their powder was prevented only as by a miracle.



An Extract from Mackenzie's Map

Whenever a few Indians were met, it was first a question of self-defense, and then of tedious maneuvers to conciliate them in order to obtain information, while promised guides failed them again and again. These difficulties so disheartened and terrified the boatmen that nothing but the most consummate leadership held the party from mutiny.

Finally a clue to an escape from this mountain labyrinth was picked up. It was ascertained that at a certain place a trail led across the hills to a really navigable river further west. The place was found, the long and fatiguing carry made, and, "to our inexpressible satisfaction," the third new canoe was launched upon a broad, strong watercourse; and as once more they felt the craft leaping smoothly to

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the rhythmic urging of their paddles, the Frenchmen made the wild banks echo to home-songs long neglected.

Many days were spent in experimenting with the windings of this big river, and in trying to learn something of value from the half-fearsome, half-hostile natives. Mackenzie soon perceived that it could conduct him to the sea, if at all, only by a very long and profitless detour southward. He evidently thought it the Columbia; but in fact it was the head of the Fraser, which twenty years later another Scotchman, Simon Fraser, navigated to its mouth; while a third Scot, William McGillivray, found the true source of the Columbia far to the southeast.

Then came the decisive step. Mackenzie explained to his companions that the only way to reach the Pacific was to strike overland. He drew upon his scientific knowledge to convince and encourage them, praised their hardihood, and stimulated their love of glory. They heard of a "road" by which the Indians of the interior went to meet and barter with those living nearer the coast, who even then obtained European goods from trading ships.

The canoe and a part of the baggage and pemmican were hidden, and the march began, every man carrying a heavy pack. The savages helped them sometimes, but more often hindered and menaced them. Food was scarce and nauseous. Rain and cold, heat and hunger, assaulted them, and the nearer they got to their goal the worse the Indians behaved. At last the tides were felt at the head of an inlet or fiord, and, borrowing a canoe, they descended to its mouth, in spite of warlike opposition, and spent the night upon a rocky islet at the coast.

What exultation the commander may have felt at his success is left to the imagination of the reader of Mackenzie's "Voyages." The author (who came within an ace of being murdered next day) merely says that he mixed up some vermilion and painted upon the rock:

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,
From Canada, by Land, July 22, 1793.

Scarcely less toil and hardship were met in the return trip than on the outgoing journey, but so good speed was made that on September 24 the party was back at Fort Chipewyan, and Mackenzie abruptly drops the story without the slightest *feu de joie* or glorification.

Two or three curious facts may be mentioned. Less than a week after Mackenzie left the seacoast, the expedition of Vancouver passed there, and doubtless the two men would have met had the dates more nearly coincided.

A more remarkable fact is that no one, so far as I know, has ever passed over Mackenzie's route from the Fraser to the coast; nor is it now known precisely where he reached the ocean—probably at one of the entrances to Dean's Canal, midway between Vancouver and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Mackenzie spent the winter in writing out the notes of his trip, and in the spring of 1794 returned to Montreal and acted as a director of the Northwest Company until 1799, when he resigned and went to England. In 1801 he published in London the first edition (quarto) of his "Voyages," dedicating the book to the King, who conferred knighthood upon him in response. An octavo edition was published in New York in 1802.

Alpha and Omega

By Julius H. Seelye

I.

Let not my faith be weak,
  Nor deem the thought too high,
That God's great love my love should seek,
  From all eternity.

II.

Love is His glorious crown,
  And love His royalty,
The symbol of His shining throne
  And its reality.

III.

Let me not think it strange,
  Or far my powers above,
That He whom height nor depth can change
  Is changeless in His love.

IV.

Let me not wonder why
  Love reigns in all His ways,
But let me look with loving eye
  Till wonder ends in praise.

V.

Love is no mystery,
  Its faith is clear and bright,
It needs no other leave to be
  Than its eternal right.

Towards Better Brotherhood

By the Rev. George Hodges

Father Sheedy's parish includes that interesting part of Pittsburg which is called "The Point." The Point is bounded on one side by the Monongahela River, and on another side by the Allegheny River. These two streams meet here and form the Ohio. The third side—there are but three—is fronted by the shops and warehouses of the business portion of the city.

It is in the midst of the Point that the one historic structure of the town is situated. A picturesque block-house marks the site of old Fort Pitt. Here Washington is, of course, reported to have slept. Certain it is that Washington, before the days of the fight at Braddock's Fields, stood upon this triangle of land, then green with forest trees, and chose it as a fine strategic point in the French and Indian War then pending. The block-house is not at present a desirable residence. It has the look of a sturdy beggar, stout enough, but ragged and unclean. The visitor approaches it along a muddy lane. The buildings of the neighborhood are squalid and crowded close together. The Daughters of the Revolution, however, have now possession of the place, and expect to set a bit of lawn about it.

Also in the midst of the Point, and considerably nearer to my present purpose, is the Exposition Building. This is a great brick structure, with a Machinery Hall annex made of glass and iron, in which every autumn we hold an industrial display. During the rest of the year the Exposition Building has been lying idle.

The people of the Point are not well furnished with the conveniences of agreeable living. That appetizing volume which Mr. Theodore Child published under the title "Delicate Feasting" is not to be found in any parlor nor in any pantry of the Point. The citizens are satisfied with bread and butter and beer. Or, if they are not satisfied, so much the worse for them. For what is the use of wishing for green turtle soup when there is no green turtle soup upon the bill of fare? There are not many abjectly poor people in Pittsburg. Almost everybody can earn enough to live. But the poorest people live at the Point. Father Sheedy's church is appropriately dedicated to St. Mary of Mercy. Our Lady of Pity is invoked, no doubt, in many a heartfelt prayer amidst that great multitude who live in familiar acquaintance with suffering, sin, and the black devil.

The pleasantest part of Pittsburg is the East End. Here are the widest streets and the greenest lawns and the stateliest houses. The East End and the Point represent the social extremes of the town. They illustrate that pernicious separation between brethren which is seen in every considerable city, the privileged living by themselves, and the unprivileged living by themselves; those who need uplifting set on one side of a wide gulf, and those who might uplift them set on the other side; the dough in one pan, and the yeast in another, and hopeful people waiting for the bread to rise!

Out in the East End, for some time past, we have been

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holding musical services once each month on Sunday afternoons. The services have been given in one of the churches, and people have crowded to them and have enjoyed them with enthusiasm. On these Sunday afternoons notable compositions of the masters have been presented by a large choir with orchestral accompaniment, under the leadership of Mr. Carl Retter. Things go in that way, for the most part, in this ill-adjusted world. These musical privileges were given to people who have pianos in their parlors and can afford to go to concerts. While down at the Point, where there are no pianos, and nobody goes to hear the symphony orchestra—for lack of dollars—there were no musical opportunities at all.

Several people with properly conducted consciences and capacious purses promised to provide money to change this unequal balance. The Exposition Society agreed to give the free use of their great building on certain Sunday afternoons for this good purpose. Mr. Retter consented to take the responsibility of the music. Father Sheedy and I, representing the two parts of the town and the two great divisions of the Christian Church, constituted ourselves an executive committee. Thus the preparations began.

Mr. Retter gathered together an orchestra of nearly fifty pieces, composed of the best musicians in the city. To these he added a chorus of a hundred and fifty voices. Some of the singers were Roman Catholics, some were Protestants. The distinction was not apparent in the voices, nor in their enthusiasm and devotion. Arrangements were made in the Exposition Building to seat about four thousand people. It was agreed to give three services. Admission was to be by card, and Father Sheedy was to have charge of the distribution of the cards.

The first service was held on the twenty-first of May, Whitsunday afternoon. The programme included "The Heavens are Telling" from "The Creation," and the "Inflammatus" from the "Stabat Mater," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." The streets in the neighborhood of the building were crowded with processions of people. Every card had been given away, and there had been clamor for more. Every seat was occupied, and hundreds stood. The Point turned out *en masse*.

Several features of the meeting—which we called the "People's Praise Service"—attracted much attention. One was the fact that it was held on Sunday. We believe in Sunday here in Pittsburg, and we have clearly defined ideas about the way in which that good day ought to be kept. There was some doubt as to the wisdom of observing Sunday in this fashion. One good parson, that Sunday morning, gave us the benefit of a stout sermon in his church, denouncing the movement. There are still a few who hold that the best way to make men love Sunday is to make them hate it first. But the majority of the town, and all the newspapers, were on our side. And the service won over most of the doubters. It was a religious service from first to last. All the words sung were words of prayer and praise, and the great congregation was not outdone in respect and reverence by any that met that day anywhere in town. The religious meaning of the service was emphasized in the addresses.

The fact that a Roman priest and a Protestant parson stood upon the same platform and addressed the congregation in the same fraternal spirit was probably that which attracted most attention to these services. Both made speeches at each of the three services. The idea was repeated and emphasized by one as much as by the other that we ought to magnify our points of agreement and to minimize our differences. Nothing could have been more fraternal or more Christian. The need of closer unity, the prospect of attaining it, not by controversy, not by contention, but by doing the work of the Lord Jesus Christ together—this was insisted on in every speech. No two men in the same communion could have worked together more fraternally, more freely, more harmoniously.

At the second service a Te Deum was sung, of Mr. Retter's composition, and Beethoven's touching oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," was given in part. At the final service the choir part of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" was the chief number on the programme. At each service a leaflet entitled "Before the Music" was given at the door with the programmes, containing brief paragraphs, chosen with some care, to be read while the people waited for the opening of the service. The plain people came to these afternoons of praise, and appreciated the music greatly. There were tears shed by some who could not get in. The good pleasure that was given was worth the thousand dollars that were spent.

As a result of the project, a Roman Catholic Foundling Hospital and a Protestant Home united in a whole week of charity concerts, in which people of both communions worked fraternally together, sharing the large proceeds half and half. Everybody in town went to these concerts.

Thus there are a few bright streaks seen here in Pittsburg in the gray dawn of the millennium.

Where the Wild Things Grow

By Mrs. M. F. Butts

O for the bosky gardens,
  Deep in the green old woods,
Where the oaks have woven curtains
  To shelter their sylvan broods;
Where the pine-trees murmur and whisper
  Secrets we long to know—
O to rest in the shadow
  Where the wild things grow!

There, by the brook's clear mirror,
  All on a summer's day,
The bees, the birds, and the blossoms
  Have it their own sweet way;
There, in the tender twilight,
  Barred by a golden gleam,
Hushed in the deepest silence,
  The wood-ferns dream.

There many a grassy pathway
  Leads to a fairy scene,
Where the partridge-berry's coral
  Lights the dusk of the wintergreen;
Where the bells of the precious twin-flower
  In the fragrant spaces blow—
O to rest in the shadow
  Where the wild things grow!

Christian Larceny

By Irving Browne

An unsentimental lawyer was persuaded by his religious daughter once upon a time (this is not a fairy tale) to go out to the stated weekly prayer-meeting of the church of which they both were members. The subject of conference and discussion was the question whether Christians love one another better than "the worldly" love one another. In the judgment of the meeting there did not seem to be any question about it. They made out an impregnable case for the Christians. The lawyer stood it—or, to be more precise, sat it—as long as he could, and then, moved by his own spirit of combativeness and sundry nudges and winks from his daughter, he arose and spoke as follows, as nearly as I can now recall it:

"It is not wise for us to deceive ourselves on this subject, and take what is for what ought to be. It is undoubtedly true that Christians no longer burn their fellows for mere differences of dogmatic opinion, although, judging from the proceedings on heresy trials, they probably still have the inclination. Speaking for myself, and without desiring to complain in the least, I must say that the only really bad treatment I have ever received has been from fellow-Christians. To my recollection, no infidel, or agnostic, or non-communicant has ever injured me to speak of. There are

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certain very common practices among church people which, for brevity, may be characterized as Christian larceny, and I cannot see that they disclose any particular tenderness toward their brethren in the faith. For example, there are many good Christian women engaged in housekeeping who, when they are in want of a cook, are guilty of coveting their neighbor's maid-servant and getting her away if they decently can. The good woman says to a third good woman: 'Oh, dear! how I wish I had a cook like Mrs. So-and-so's! I don't suppose she has any idea of leaving her place, though.' Somehow that cook calls on the covetous good woman in a few days, and intimates that Mrs. So-and-so does not altogether suit her, and perhaps she could be induced to make a change. But the good woman says very firmly: 'Oh, I couldn't think of taking you away from Mrs. So-and-so; but if you should leave her and want a place, why, let me know.' 'What wages do you pay, ma'am?' 'So much'—which is half a dollar more than Mrs. So-and-so pays. Curiously enough, that cook turns up in this new place at the end of a week, and Mrs. So-and-so makes it hot in the parish for the new employer. I have put this case very mildly for the covetous woman. Frequently she takes measures much more direct and undisguised to do her neighbor a culinary injury. I don't believe that agnostic women do any worse than this.

"Take another form of Christian larceny. I have been the sole music committeeman of this parish for many years, during which time I have received several anonymous letters of abuse, but never one of approbation, unsigned or signed. I have hired a great many singers at moderate salaries, and had them trained until they became skillful, and then some other parish would steal them away by the bait of a small advance of wages. This is an extremely demoralizing practice. It has even corrupted me, so that I no longer scruple to poach on my neighbors' musical preserves. I was never more ashamed of myself than once when I went to a church in this city, at the solicitation of the soprano, to hear her sing, in the hope that I would carry her away, and in the vestibule I was accosted by the pastor's wife, who said, 'So glad to see you, but so sorry you won't hear the Doctor—he's away; come and sit with me.' And so I sat in the minister's pew, and listened to his singers with that nefarious design. It will be a solace to my dying hour that his soprano sang so badly that I didn't want her! I can even endure her cutting me on the street afterwards. But the meanest form of Christian larceny is where churches steal away one another's clergymen. One would suppose that the churchly way of getting a clergyman from another society would be to go openly and say to that other church: 'We feel that we need your pastor; that ours is a larger and more useful field; that we can help you to another who will answer your wants just as well,' etc., etc. But no; nothing of the sort. The predatory church appoints a committee of three to go and hear sundry preachers on the sly—I know their tricks and their manners—I have been on 'smelling committees' myself. They pretend not to know one another at the hotel. They sneak into church separately next morning, and get separate seats. But all these are vain ostrich precautions. Everybody 'spots' them. Even the minister in the pulpit recognizes them, and startles his people with an unwonted display of eloquence and fervor. A loud 'call' follows—or doesn't follow—and in either event hard feelings are engendered.

"Really, brethren, all these practices are apt to seem very reprehensible to the world's people, and one cannot blame them if they take the negative of the question here under discussion, with a good deal of vehemence."

This is the substance of what that lawyer said. He expected it would excite some opposing remark, but it did not. Shortly after he closed, they sang a hymn about the beautiful agreement of the brethren, and were dismissed. I have always believed that the pastor picked out that hymn 'with malice prepense and aforethought,' for while the lawyer was going on in this sacrilegious strain, I observed him doubled up behind his desk, occasionally slapping his ministerial thigh, and trying to hide his laughter in the pretense of looking up a hymn. That lawyer expected to meet with some remonstrance on going out, but he did not. On the contrary, one of the elders came up to him, put out his hand, and exclaimed, "Brother B——, it did me good to see you get down to hard pan!" The foregoing was recalled to my mind in reading the proceedings of the late General Assembly on the case of Professor Briggs, and, leaving out of view the particular phase of Christian larceny, it seems to me that it would be well for Christians to inquire publicly, about once a month, "Do we love one another any better than the world's people love each other?"

How People Live

XVIII.—Among the Charcoal-Burners

By E. B. Findlay

Charcoal-burning, it would seem, is often a hereditary occupation. Certain it is that many, if not most, of the men who burn the trees owned by the Mount Alto Company, and who live in the camps on South Mountain, in Pennsylvania, are the sons and grandsons of "coalers." Among other things, they have inherited a deep-rooted feeling that a tree was created to be cut down. There is small wonder that this should be the case, for not only does the "coaler" earn his bread indirectly by the destruction of the forest, but in each new camp he is dependent directly upon the felled trees for his home. It is in October or early in November that new clearings are begun. The winter's work in a charcoal camp consists in the felling of trees, and then chopping the wood preparatory to burning it in the pits. The number of men in the camps will vary from four to six in the smaller, to thirty in the very largest of the camps. The first step taken in a new camp is to build the houses where the men must live. Occasionally a man lives alone, but the rule is that two men occupy the same house. The important part of the house is the chimney. This, therefore, is built first, and the house annexed. In 1891 a man called by his mates "Wash" lived with his brother, Jack, on the "Gap" road. Their hut was a good example of its kind, as "Wash" and Jack were typical charcoal-burners. They were ready to assure any one who asked them that "they didn't want no better house," though the building of it (both men worked hard) occupied but three days.

The chimney was built of stones, found in great abundance on South Mountain. It was six feet wide on the inside, with a depth of about three feet, and a draught that would make a tiled chimney in the city puff more than ever from envy. "Wash" and Jack had no theories about ventilation, and, as a third of their house was chimney, they needed none. Hygiene is an unknown word to them, and "Nature, that dear old nurse," takes care it does not need to be translated for them, though the only cooking utensil visible in their hut is a frying-pan.

When the chimney was finished, the walls of the hut were built of logs, with mud daubed between to fill the spaces. The roof was made of smaller logs laid close together, and then covered with several layers of bark. There was a door in one side, and at the end opposite the fire "Wash" had fitted a pane of glass in a square sawed out of the wood.

Sods are sometimes used by the charcoal-burners instead of bark; and on the roofs of some huts are ferneries which many an amateur florist might covet. Scarcely anything could be more picturesque than one of these little houses seen from the outside. Inside, too, perhaps even those very practical persons who insist that picturesqueness and comfort, if ever wedded, have long since been divorced, might admit that in Wash's hut there had been an attempt at a reconciliation. The hut, exclusive of the fireplace, was small—about twelve by fourteen feet; the chimney representing the kitchen, the bunk at the opposite end the bedroom, and the space between the reception or sitting room. Thanks to the kitchen, there was not a stuffy room in the house, though it would have been im-

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possible for a man to stand upright in the bedroom. Charcoal-burners, however, are philosophers; they say "nobody wants to sleep standing."

Generous Mother Earth provided Wash with the floor of his house. It was hard and dry, and could easily be swept with a broom made of shredded corn-husks tied to a stick. The hut was always tidy, in spite of a rat that would burrow in a corner. The charcoal-burner is not only his own architect and builder, but is also his own housekeeper and cook. There are some married men in the camps, whose wives and children live near the furnace or in some little settlement a few miles away. The unmarried men are, however, in the majority, and it would perhaps be necessary to invade a New York club to find more incorrigible bachelors than many of the men in a charcoal camp. "Wash" asserted that he "hadn't no fambly, nor didn't want none." He also made the astounding declaration that he could cook as well as his own mother. His bill of fare probably had little variety, but he had plenty of what he liked, and kings could have no more. Some pieces of bacon hung just inside his door, beside a fiddle with two strings. In a corner, which was both cellar and pantry, there were some potatoes, and two jugs, which one can hope contained molasses and vinegar. On a little shelf there were coffee, sugar, flour, and corn-meal; and the household expenses of Wash and Jack amounted to about nine dollars a month! These men would wonder what you meant if you told them they were picturesque. They were pretty sure they were comfortable, and any one sitting on the bench in Wash's chimney-corner on a crisp October day would be quite likely to agree with them.

The spirit of the charcoal-burner is half-gypsy, for he was born and bred among the hills. He is impatient of restraint, and could not be tied down to certain, regular hours of work. Each man is his own foreman, and the hours of labor each man decides for himself, for he is paid, not by the day or hour, but by the bushel of charcoal delivered to the furnace-wagons when they make the rounds of the camps in October. It is in winter that the chopping of the wood is done, and in April or May that the pits are built and fired. After firing, the charcoal-burner must be at his work early and late, for the pits must not be left unwatched for more than two or three hours at a time. The coaler must therefore rouse himself from his sleep and go out under the stars or into the storm, two, three, and sometimes four times between dark and daylight. His life would seem a hard one, perhaps, to the dwellers in cities, but the charcoal-burner hates the town. Wash spent one winter chopping wood near Washington, but said he "couldn't seem to stand it," so came back to his mountain camp again. Compared with the life of some of his fellow-men, who work in herds in factories and who climb into ill-smelling tenements to sleep when their day's work is done, the lot of Wash and his mates is a happy and independent one. He is almost a free man. And yet, because he is a charcoal-burner—would not, perhaps could not, be anything else—he is, in a sense, the slave of the furnace company for which he works. He may postpone for a week the building of a pit, and make instead the rock-bordered bed where his marigolds grow. He may take a day off any time in chopping season. And yet he is in the power of the furnace company to a great extent, for he is not usually paid for the charcoal he burns in money, but in tickets exchangeable at the furnace "store," where his few wants are supplied. He would prefer money if he could get it; as he cannot, he accepts his tickets with philosophic cheerfulness. As might be expected from their manner of life, the charcoal-burners spend as they go, and very few of them lay any money aside for a rainy day. This is probably due to the fact that, besides their gypsy improvident spirit, most of them have the fixed idea that a good time is inseparably connected with a jugful of whisky. This they manage to procure occasionally, though the furnace store has no whisky in stock.

Drunkenness seems to be the one, or, at any rate, the chief, vice of the coalers. They are honest, hospitable, and kindly. They love dogs and flowers, and though they are rough and for the most part illiterate men, leading a rough life, in thirty years there has been no deed of violence committed on South Mountain by a charcoal-burner.

The Author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family"

By James MacArthur

Readers of the famous "Schönberg-Cotta Family," and of many other books, only less well known, by Mrs. Rundle Charles, will be glad to learn the following interesting particulars about their modest and retiring author, the result of an interview by a representative of the "British Weekly."

"My girlhood," she says, "was spent in Devonshire and Cornwall. My birthplace is close to Dartmoor, and of all English scenery that is dearest to me. My father was a most public-spirited and wide-minded man, full of sympathy for oppressed peoples. I owe it to him that my early sympathies were so much with distressed and suffering nations. I lived as a child an imaginative life beside my actual life, and one subject of my dreams was the righting of the wrongs of Ireland. I was also much interested in the wrongs of Poland; we had a Polish friend, who wrote for me a grammar and vocabulary of the language. I had also the keenest sympathy with the struggles of Young Italy. My Italian master, an exile and liberationist, inspired me with his ideas of freedom."

Referring to the origin of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" in her mind, she says she was asked to write about Luther, and this gave her the idea of the story. "At first I thought I should like best to write history, pure and simple, but I came to see that deeper lessons may be taught through fiction. In dealing with historical characters it has always been my principle not to tamper with facts. I have so strong a sense of the sacredness of personality that I should feel it wrong to make a real personage say or do anything for which there is no authority in history." Here, it may be observed, lies the explanation of the difference between the noble language of Luther and Melancthon from that of the other characters in the book. Everything they say has been taken almost word for word from the records of the time. "I regard the honor of such men," says Mrs. Charles, "not only because they lived, but because they do live." Her acquaintance and sympathy with the scenes and characters in her work were largely derived and inspired by her knowledge of German life and literature. "I was steeped in German literature from my girlhood."

"Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan's Diary," another of Mrs. Charles's delightful stories, is associated with her early days among the Wesleyans. It describes Cornish life, and gives with wonderful truth pictures of Wesleyan circles. Remarking the simple piety and sincerity of the Wesleyan community, Mrs. Charles gave an instance from her reminiscences: "I remember one old man whose Bible always lay ready on the table when he came to dinner. He used to ask his children, when they came home from service, as the first question, how it was between them and God. There could be no doubt of the deep piety kindled in the heart of the West Country by Wesley."

The movement for the higher education of women has a warm supporter in Mrs. Charles. She is an excellent classical scholar, and reads six or more languages with ease. She is also warmly interested in social movements for the good of women. In reply to a question as to the books which had influenced her, Mrs. Charles mentioned among the poets specially Tennyson and Browning.

Mrs. Charles lives at Combe Edge, Branch Hill, a charming house near Hampstead Heath. She is not yet old, although her popular book was in a second edition in 1852. Dean Stanley—one of her cherished friends—once told her that Professor Brandis had pronounced her book to be the best popular life of Luther that existed. Mrs. Charles has written by request, it may be added, a paper on "Women under the Jewish and Christian Religions," to be read at the World's Fair.

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The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued*

As the Baroness's piety increased, she would have had all men share it—her particular form of piety, of course. And that is a difficult matter in a world whose good and evil are variously shadowed by each good man's individual eclectic light. Besides, Deynum was officially split up into two colors, Roman Catholic and Protestant. "Catholic and Beggar," the Baroness would have said. For the Romanists of Holland still daily insult their old antagonists with that most honorable byword of "Gueux."

The Baroness pitied all beggars, and would have fed them. But when they refused the communion of any other table than their own, her pity, turning under the thunder of papal anathemas, soured rapidly to wrath. And she made war upon them to drive them forth, as the Rexelaers, having themselves felt the weight of persecution, had never done before. She boycotted them, a very common thing in Holland, although rather an unfair one, because the Protestants, whether more tolerant or more indifferent, do not retaliate in this manner. And as the years went on she perfected her system of repression, cruel only to be kind. "In the choice between a son of the Church and an infidel, why choose an infidel?" she asked. The Baron could not deny that she was theoretically right. But he strove practically to minimize results. "Let us be faithful in little things, dearest," said the Baroness, "we who ask so great a thing of God."

And the hot breath of persecution opened up the blossoms in cold Calvinistic hearts, as is its mission, and there was a revival. There had never been a Protestant church at Deynum, the worshipers going to the neighboring parish of Rollingen, but now it became suddenly manifest that this state of affairs could not be allowed to continue. The difficulty was how to get it altered, for all the available land in the village belonged to the Baron. A movement was set on foot, but it proved unavailing, for, even had his wife not been there to instruct him, Reinout Rexelaer would hardly have consented to so startling an intrusion. "Let them worship as they have worshiped for ages," he declared. "If worship it be," added Gertrude. The dispute spread into the newspapers. And the powerful lord of the adjoining parish, Baron Borck, took it up. He was a man of easy indifference in matters of religion—the more modern name is "tolerance"—but some stories of Mevrouw Rexelaer's rigor had reached him, and his wife and daughters had petty grievances against their neighbors, and there had been a dispute about a ditch. Baron Borck was a Member of the States Deputed, which are a small governing body elected out of the States Provincial. He was a man of authority, and he used it in endeavor to get a Decree of Expropriation on the ground of general utility. But the Baroness fought him with dogged pertinacity. "Shall we bring down a curse upon us?" she repeated, incessantly. "We who have such especial need of a blessing?" She dragged up the chancel steps on her naked knees. She sent forth angry glances from her castle turret towards the impudent Protestant steeple of Rollingen. And she sent forth also from that same elevation, into the stormy night, her favorite snow-white carrier-pigeon, that he might lift up the story of her sufferings for the faith to the very bosom of the Queen of Heaven. But the pigeon was a nineteenth-century bird, and went back to his dovecot.

She conquered, whether by these means or others. She carried her cause up to the Privy Council, and there she conquered. Not a single member of that august assembly could see any connection between a church and a matter of general utility.

And then the gift, so strangely, so fearfully sweet to a hope deferred, came upon her as a reward. She accepted it, humbly before God, triumphantly before men. In those days of calm expectancy, with the smile of Heaven upon her, she felt as Hebrew Hannah must have felt when the Lord took away his handmaid's reproach. She was more than forty years old. She had been married more than twenty. The child was born; and it was a girl.

When they told her, she said: "God's will be done." She said it aloud. And when they offered to bring her the babe, she answered: "Presently." Which shows what her heart said.

A little later its wailing cry broke in upon her faintness. She turned her head from the wall. "Is that the little one?" she asked. And they laid it upon her breast.

She went through the ceremony of her churching, and she regularly attended mass. But during six months she did not go to pray in the loneliness of the chapel, and throughout all that period its altar remained destitute of flowers. One morning she walked into the library and went straight up to the curtain which usually hung down over the book-shelves of the eighteenth-century Rexelaer who had explained away the lion-myth. She pushed it aside with resolute hand, and took down a volume—of Voltaire! She stood turning over the pages undecidedly for a few moments, then she shut it up with a shudder, and went away again. Her eyes were dry and hard.

She loved her baby girl; it was not against the child that her anger was kindled. The miraculous answer which need not have been, yet now was, and was not an answer, struck her in the face like a personal taunt. And she was as one in an open boat that drifts away from the friend he loves, beyond all loving, because that friend has cut the rope which held him moored.

"Reinout," she said one day, before her convalescence, while her life yet hung in danger, "give Baron Borck the bit of land he wants near the mill."

"Hush!" said her husband. "You musn't talk." He thought her mind was wandering.

"Somehow, I don't want you to sell it. Simply give it. Throw it in his face."

She lifted her eyes and looked at him. "You think I'm not—not conscious!" she murmured in surprise. "Reinout, I know I'm in danger. I may be dead to-morrow. Write, to-night, a scornful letter. Tell him it doesn't—matter—how—they—pray."

And he wrote, after some hesitation. It was her answer. A defiance to High Heaven, with Death at her chamber door.

Father Bulbius, who had bravely seconded her during the battle, opened his eyes wide with disappointment; and then he half closed them, as was his habit, and watched.

"My daughter," he said one day, after he had listened—in the confessional—to her recital of various peccadilloes, "you have difficulties of which you do not speak. The sun of your contentment does not shine as it did before."

"I am as you have always known me, Father," she answered. And he saw that that door was closed.

He waited another couple of months, and slept nine hours at night, and an hour after his noonday dinner. And of evenings, when not engaged with the Baron, he watched the Baroness's game of Patience, and he played his own little game of Patience too.

He won it on the day when the distressed Baron confided to him, as the greatest of secrets, that the Baroness had tried to read Voltaire. That evening the Father discoursed eloquently on the infidel writer, of whom he had never read a word, repeatedly regretting the speciousness of his arguments, which only your *deep* thinker, he said, could resist. In the lady's ignorance the name only stood out, a recollection of earliest eschewment, synonymous with Luther or the Devil. But her curiosity was aroused, and when she slipped into the library next morning, the volume containing "La Pucelle" came most easily to her hand. She turned from that in horror, successfully biased by a very few pages, and took down a controversial work. These, then, were the thoughts of an infidel. And as she read, carelessly at first, his attacks upon a faith which lay dead within her, that faith awoke in its grave and cried out. These things were false. Yonder accusation was absurd. Against this statement it could be argued— She

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rose from her reading with a flame in her pale eyes. She must reason about these matters with some one. Why, even a woman like herself could see the sophistry of the argument on page 105. She was rather proud of seeing it so clearly. She must tell Father Bulbius about it.

And she did. He showed her, intellectually, the evil ways of infidelity. Her woman's heart rose up against the foolish pride of feeble sense. And under ideal persecution she revived, as surely as the materially oppressed Protestants of Deynum.

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts," said the poor lady. "When one learns to understand what a godless man's thoughts are like, it is not difficult to admit that God's thoughts must be better, even when not, or when mis-, understood." The old fervor did not return to her, but there were once more "White Baroness" roses on the chapel altar. Her almsgiving had never changed.

"Who knows what may still happen?" said the Baron, sturdily. "All things are possible with the Almighty," he said. And once, when she had turned upon him, in one of their most rare dissensions, and had burst out with "Not the ridiculous!" he waited until one evening in the chapel they paused before a window gorgeous with a crimson sacrifice of Isaac. "That also was a race," he said, softly, "which Heaven, in its providence, could not allow to die out."

But the Baroness van Rexelaer had nothing in common with Sarah. Not even a liking for the children of Abraham.

CHAPTER VII.

HEUREUX EN MARIAGE

"Should you not have moved your ten on to the knave?" inquired the Father, mildly. "That would have enabled you to get at your ace."

"Yes, but I wanted to free my seventh line," said the Baroness.

The Baroness's game is a very complicated one. It has the true merit of a game of Patience; like its homonym, it hardly ever succeeds.

"How well your little Carlsbad cards wear, Mevrouw!" said the Father, searching, in his restless loquacity, for a subject of conversation. "You have never, I believe, been to Carlsbad?"

"No, I have never been anywhere," replied the Baroness.

"Nor have I. But I knew a young clerical colleague who went there two years ago, for a melancholy he could far better have cured by a religious retreat at the college."

"Perhaps it was dyspepsia," suggested the Baroness. You see, she had read Voltaire.

"If so, he could have cured it by fasting. Besides, it was not the slightest use, his going to Carlsbad, for he died before he got there."

"Indeed!" said the Baroness, with that sudden interest which the final catastrophe always awakens. Then she added, mechanically, "How sad!"

"He died in a railway accident," continued the Father. "And the most provoking thing of all was that, when the doctors opened the body, they were unanimous in declaring that Carlsbad could never have cured him, after all."

"But that did not matter to him then," objected the Baroness.

"Perhaps not," replied Father Bulbius, doubtfully. "But somehow it has always seemed to me so like a case of suicide, without the ghost of a reason."

The Baroness looked at the clock. A couple of logs of wood lay smoldering and flickering on the open hearth. The soft glow of the fire and the softer lamplight played over the delicate lines of the lady's face and over her slender, blue-veined hands, as she sorted her game. There was a gentleness about the warm, quiet little drawing-room, with its subdued, old-fashioned colors, and a glamour of something almost like romance over the stately figure in gray satin with white lace collar and wristbands, white hair, and white cap. In spite of the gray apparel which time had led her to adopt, the Baroness was the white Baroness still.

There was nothing romantic, however, about Father Bulbius, who sat doubled up by the little green card-table, his broad forehead closely knotted over the puzzle of his colleague's *felo de se*.

"He will be coming back again soon," remarked the Baroness, thinking of her departed lord.

"Hardly that," replied the Father. "He was definitely dead."

"Not definitely, I fancy. I merely understood that the station-master expected him to die."

"Oh, but excuse me, my dear lady, I remember nothing of the station-master's opinion. Though there certainly was a station-master concerned, whom everybody considered to blame. As for me, I should prefer to censure the foolish ones who go hurrying through Europe to escape from themselves. I have one insuperable objection to medicines; they all make me unwell. Trust in God and put a cold-water compress where the pain is. That's my cure." The good priest liked the Baroness to leave him master of the field; the Baroness did not listen.

The Baron found them thus amiably consorted when he returned. His face was very grave.

"Dear me, if the man was dying, perhaps I ought to have gone to him!" cried the priest, with tardy compunction.

"He is dying," replied the Baron; "but he need not do so without your aid. It is a foreigner, taken with acute spasms in the train, who finds himself stranded here. Undoubtedly he is very ill."

"Where is he now?" queried the Baroness. "Is he better? Is he a gentleman? Or shall I send him some soup?"

"He is a gentleman. He is very old. The servant told me his name was M. Farjolle; he says he is a Frenchman. They are at the inn."

"At that place?" cried Mevrouw. "Mon cher, you should have asked him here."

"Mon amie, he steadfastly refused to come."

"Ah, pardon! Of course you would do what was right."

"I do not think he understood," said the Baron. "He offered a napoleon for the use of the carriage."

"For shame!" exclaimed the Baroness, who considered that no suffering could excuse such an error.

"I told him that he was mistaken, but that I should be glad to accept a florin for the coachman," said the Baron, coolly. "And then I left him in peace."

"Which means," cried his wife, quickly, "that you came back on the box. Oh, Reinout, how could you? At least say that the weather was fine."

"It might be worse," replied the Baron, and he walked away to fetch the newspaper, sitting down quietly, now, to its Home and Foreign News.

"Aha!" he said, suddenly, in the tone of a man who makes a discovery. "This explains Monsieur Rexelaer's move. 'Appointed to the post of Sub-Comptroller of the Royal Household, Count Hilarius Jan Reinout van Rexelaer.' At last."

"And what is that, Mynheer the Baron?" asked Bulbius, slowly hoisting himself off his chair.

"Oh, it's the man that looks after the larder and buttery," interposed the Baroness, sharply.

"Well, he has edged himself into the enchanted circle," said the Baron, "and now he wants to cut a figure as a noble and a great landed proprietor."

"And a Rexelaer," added the Baroness.

In the thoughtful silence that followed, the priest took his leave. "Have you got an umbrella?" asked the Baron, following him out of the room.

"No. Why so? It isn't raining."

"Hush! Yes, it is. But it might be raining a good deal harder at this time of year, might it not?"

Mynheer van Rexelaer went back to his wife. She had risen and was standing by the mantelpiece.

"Sub-Comptroller of the Royal Household," she said, slowly, and with increasing bitterness—too scornful not to reveal a little touch of envy. "In all things for the last twenty years has Fortune favored this adventurer, balking, according to her custom, the better man."

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He took one of her hands in his. "Not in all things," he said.

"How so?"

He pointed to the cards now lying in a little stream across the table. "Heureux en mariage," he said, "malheureux au jeu. Let the Count take his share. I have mine. No man, it appears, may claim both."

As he spoke, his look fell on the crumpled newspaper lying against his deserted chair. And his own words struck home to him. "Malheureux au jeu."

She pressed his hand, and they stood silent, side by side. Then he broke away, with an exclamation of impatience, to wind up the oil-lamp.

She came after him. "But he has not got Deynum yet," she said, "this Count." Oh, the contempt of the last word from her lips!

"No, he has not got Deynum yet."

"But, Reinout."

"What is it, Gertrude?"

"He has a son."

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

"She has looked them out in the 'Annuaire de la Noblesse,'" thought the Baron. "Yet what could she care about these people? How inquisitive the best of women are!"

The Baroness had done more, while angry with herself for doing it. Writing to an acquaintance at the Hague, she had casually inquired after those other Rexelaers: "Do you know anything of our namesakes, the Count's family, I mean? There is a boy—is there not?—called Reinout." The unknown Reinout Rexelaer incessantly tormented her unwilling thoughts. Yet she turned to the answer with a sort of irritable pleasure.

"You ask after the Rexelaers," wrote the Hague lady. "Him one meets everywhere. Her I have never seen. I know his brother's family better; the wife there, you know, is one of our own set, a Borck, and I like her very much. Since the Count brought back his nigger spouse and her millions from Brazil, where he was secretary or something, he has worked day and night to recover the position they had lost through their impecuniosity, but the black woman is an obstacle. She locks herself up in a hothouse, people say, and cries for the sun. It is a great pity they should be Protestants—How was that, by the by?—still, now that you, my dear Gertrude, have only a daughter, it must be a source of real satisfaction to you to remember that this other branch is blessed with sons. The Rexelaer-Borcks have two, and there is one boy, one child, at the Count's. Yes, his name is Reinout, like your husband's. I suppose it is a family name?

"The little that I know of the lad is rather interesting, I think. For some foolish reason, they keep him altogether apart; perhaps that is a Brazilian idea. He is educated, it appears, into a premature little man of the world, and put to bed in a court wig and ruffles. I don't know particulars. But he comes to a gymnastic class with my children, attended by the queerest, courtliest little Louis Quinze chevalier that you ever saw off a snuff-box lid. I met him there once, and he stood aside to let me pass, lifting his cap with the air of a young prince, enough to break the heart of a mother of hobbledehoys. He is a very handsome youth, dark-complexioned, with big, expressive eyes. Of course the other boys do not care for him. He had a violent quarrel with my own Louis, in which I cannot help thinking Louis was wrong. I have run on, but I fancy that is about all. How is Wendela?"

The Baroness slowly, slowly tore the letter up and placed the fragments on the blazing fire.

It was unavoidable that the boys with whom he was brought into such unsatisfactory contact should look askance at young Reinout. "Unbeknown is unbeloved," says a Dutch proverb. Schoolboyhood whispered derision of the little gentleman with kid gloves.

And when schoolboyhood whispers derision, its next step is to shout it. His companions, as his father fondly called them, began to tease him at the various classes where they met. They would bow before him and address him as "Your Majesty," in never-tiring allusion to the ancestral King Hilarius, with whom Reinout himself had unwarily made them acquainted. All of them had plenty of ancestors of their own, but the King was a delightfully fresh source of amusement. And thence sprang the quarrel with the Louis mentioned above.

This Louis, one afternoon, had made a highly successful joke about Reinout and his dog, whom he nicknamed "the two princes." Carried away by his own wit, he aimed, just as the class was dispersing, a couple of blows with a fencing foil at the lad and the brute, missing the former, but drawing a yelp of protest from the veritable "Prince." Quick as thought Reinout turned, and, first checking himself with a chivalrous "On your guard!" flashed a retort full into his aggressor's left eye. He was carried off in a fume of indignation by his faithful Mentor, who knew not whether to scold or approve, and, on reaching home, he ran straight to his father's study.

"Papa!" he began, impetuously.

"Hush!" said the Count, who was looking over his cash-book. The Count was an admirable, and scrupulous, financier.

"Well?" he asked presently, jotting down some figures.

"Papa, it is all true—is it not?—about Rex Hilarius, and the lion and Wendela, isn't it?"

"Of course it is true, René," replied the Count, with a smile.

The boy gave a great gasp of relief. "I am so glad to hear you say that," he almost sobbed. "Then I may *kill* whoever says it is not?"

His father burst out laughing. "Certainly not," cried the Count. "You may kill nobody. On the contrary, you must be on very good terms with all your companions. There's not one of them but you may want him some day."

Reinout stood lost in reflection. "Life is very difficult," he said, at last. "Do you know, papa, I think it is almost impossible for a man always to know how to act as a gentleman."

"Certainly not," cried the Count again. "Nothing is easier. It becomes a habit, like all others. Like speaking French without mistakes."

"But I don't mean politeness," said Reinout, vaguely. "I mean about doing right."

"Of course," replied the Count, turning to his books again. "So do I, Reinout. Ask Monsieur de Souza. He knows."

But Reinout did not immediately return to his tutor. He went to look for his mother in the conservatory, where she lay, on her lounge, enveloped in heat, a novel of Catulle Mendès in her hand.

"Shut the door, René," she said, without lifting her eyes. Her attitude was ultra-languid, but her soul was palpitating with the heroine's infidelities. The Countess had literary tastes and aspirations, as will be amply proved in the future. She even composed poetry. Private poetry, of course, as befitted her rank.

Reinout stood gazing at his mother in silence for one whole minute. He was searching, confusedly, for explanation and expression. But his heart seemed too full for speech.

With her eyes unalterably intent on her book, the beautiful Creole—she was still beautiful—slowly drew to light from the folds of her dressing-gown a pink-ribboned confectioner's bag, which she held out in the direction of her son. "Take some sweets," she said.

The boy required no second bidding, but plunged his fingers eagerly down. "Are there any of those chocolats with the green stuff inside?" he asked.

She nodded, a little impatiently, and he went away with his hands full, to demonstrate to Monsieur de Souza's not unconvincible ears that he must fight Louis to-morrow, and lick him.

[To be Continued]

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The Home

The Mother's Duty

By Alice M. Walker

To keep one's mind on the weary round of household tasks all day long is ruinous to the temper, and more wearing to the health than any amount of bodily labor. The Chautauqua course of reading comes to your very door, and asks you to walk in its ways; and most inviting paths they are in which to tread, bringing a boundless store of information and leading you to look up into the blue heavens and down into the depths of the sea and out into God's world about you. When once one becomes interested in this or any similar course of reading, the question, "Is life worth living?" answers itself.

To those who object that all this takes time I would reply, So does everything that is worth doing at all. Yet when we really desire to accomplish anything, can we not always make or take the time to do it? A housewife and mother can, if she will, do all her own work, be dressmaker and seamstress, and send the boys to school, and sew on the father's buttons, and yet not suffer her mind to rust; can keep up her music, attend lectures, belong to a magazine club, and feel herself up with the times and as useful as anybody; maybe she can even join a grange and be a valuable working member. Of course, to do all this some things must be given up; but to gain such a reward is worth the sacrifice of even several pies a week, or some other as great deprivation; nor will the farmer's family be the worse for it. It is not impossible to write or read while dinner is cooking, and maybe the essay will gain spice from the very surroundings. Singing and washing of dishes go well together, and the former will neutralize the discouragement produced by the sight of a large number of the latter waiting to be attended to. A woman's ingenuity will compass almost anything she may undertake. I have in mind a sitting-room in one corner of which stands the sewing-machine, in another the organ, and in a third an old secretary, at which the mistress of the house has passed many happy moments when not making music on either of the other two instruments, both of which show signs of daily use. To combine housework with self-culture does not take much time, nor much money, nor a teacher. It only requires love of knowledge and a determination to acquire it. All the rest will come of itself.

And now, if the question arises, What effect will all this have upon the boys? hear the answer, tried and tested by actual experience. The home is the child's first school, and upon the atmosphere which surrounds him from infancy depends his future usefulness. This is true no less of his mental than of his moral character. In the homes of many farmers there is almost absolutely no reading-matter, unless the local paper may be termed such, and during the few hours spent in the school-room it is impossible for the teacher to counteract that dampening, depressing, narrowing influence which throws a wet blanket on the mind and keeps the boy stupid in spite of himself. But let him feel that all at home are interested in his progress, that father knows where he is in arithmetic and is ready to help him with a hard example, and mother is just ahead of him in history and can tell him the date which he has forgotten, and ten times out of a dozen he will take to his books without urging, and absorb knowledge without knowing it. If mamma writes at a desk in one corner, little Johnny will tease for a desk in the other, and will want pencils and paper and all complete, and, almost before going to any school at all, will have acquired the rudiments of a good education, and also a taste for books which will go with him through life, will keep him out of bad company, will show him a profitable manner in which to spend his evenings, and help him in a thousand ways.

So, mothers, if you wish to throw around your children a safeguard which shall introduce them into cultured society, and protect them from evil, do your best to make the home atmosphere favorable to their mental development, and such as shall encourage habits of reading and study. And, to this end, make the most of yourselves. Read, *read*, READ anything, rather than nothing; but, best of all, adopt some systematic course, whatever commends itself to your judgment, and, depend upon it, not only the boys and girls, but father himself, will fall into line, and verily you shall reap your own reward.

Some Mornings at the Fair

By Mary Willis

It was in a room in the Woman's Building, mistakenly called a model kitchen. On the platform stood a motherly looking woman, wearing a black dress with broad white linen cuffs and collar, and long white linen apron. She was giving a bread lesson to an audience of probably two hundred. As she worked she talked, and many were the words of wisdom that were sprinkled in this bread lesson. The following rule was given: To one pint of wetting of equal parts of milk and water, add one yeast-cake, dissolved in a couple of tablespoonfuls of cold water. If you have not sweet milk, use condensed milk, one-quarter of a pint diluted by water enough to make half a pint, and then fill the pint measure with water, all of which has been brought to the degree known as lukewarm. The wetting, to which had been added the dissolved yeast-cake, was in a basin of blue and white enameled ware; into it, with a tin scoop, from a basin of sifted flour at her left, the teacher poured the flour, and mixed with a flat wooden spoon until it was of such consistency that it could be handled with perfect ease. When this point was reached, the dough was emptied on to a bread-board and kneaded with the back of the hands—not the fingers—very lightly; the process would be better described by the word pulled, or stretched, than kneaded. The teacher said that what bread dough needed was stretching; that the hard kneading of the old New England days was not good for the bread. The bread was kneaded until it could be handled with perfect freedom without using flour, no dough adhering to either board or hands. When this point was reached, the bread was put into the basin, which had been greased, and covered with a light linen towel. It was to rise three hours, or until it had risen to twice the quantity of dough first put into the basin. It dropped from this basin, after having risen the required length of time, leaving it perfectly clear and clean. It was then cut into different lengths, some of them forming just long loaves, such as are known as the Vienna bread; some of it twisted into finger rolls, and some of it into what we might know as twist loaves. This was then placed in peculiar tins, or iron scoops one might call them, without ends, and lightly brushed with melted butter. The several sized pieces of dough, after having risen one hour, were put into the oven, which was heated to 370 degrees, and baked twenty, thirty, and fifty minutes, according to the size.

Among the things said by the lecturer during her process of bread-making were these: "When women give as much time to the preparation of foods as men do to the making of labor-saving inventions, we shall be the best-fed nation in the world;" "More women break down through waste of effort than through legitimate work"—and she gave a practical demonstration of this by showing how some women knead bread, and then showed the proper method of kneading bread. She claimed that every woman knows that in the middle classes—that is, in that class of people in our country where the women do their own housework, or a part of it—the women use up their strength and bring on chronic diseases by attempting to lift heavy pieces of furniture or by working beyond their strength and after they are exhausted. It is wasted, not legitimate, effort that is the cause of a loss of vitality in most cases. "When we love our work," said the speaker, "it ceases to be drudgery." She protested, as she removed a light, crisp loaf from the oven, against the practice of covering bread after it is baked. She said that to be perfect it should be laid across a pan, and, if possible, in a draft between two open windows, or an open door and window. She had in her

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audience the wives of millionaires and the wives of workingmen, as well as fifty men, some of whom took notes, some of whom asked questions, and all of whom showed how important the subject was to them.

Not the least valuable part of the demonstration was the perfect neatness of the lecturer; a glass finger-bowl stood on the table, and it added greatly to the daintiness of the whole process to have this serve for rinsing the hands, and it showed a conservation of force; no steps were wasted in going to sink or basin.

The Children's Building, long delayed in its opening, is at last an evident fact. It no longer stands four white walls surrendered to workingmen. Its doors stand genially open, and its cheerful interior resounds to the cries as well as to the laughter of the children. In the center, on the ground floor, is a perfectly equipped gymnasium, where the small-boy visitor is invited to try his muscles and test his athletic ability; at certain hours of the day he has the benefit of training under one of the best professors of athletics in this country, and nobly does the young American make use of his opportunity. At one end of the building is a model day-nursery, and fifty-three happy, hearty children are given to the care of its managers each day, while the mother gives herself up to the pleasure of the Midway Plaisance, the Art Gallery, the Government Building, the Lagoon, or any other part of the grounds that attracts her attention. The day-nursery is in charge of young women who have been trained in one of the nurses' training-schools at Buffalo. Toys of all kinds are at the disposal of the small children, who are fed, put to bed, and amused on scientific principles. The small ones are taken into the model kindergarten, which is the friendly rival of the model kindergarten in the Illinois building, and here the small person may carry on the training with which he or she is familiar, or may be introduced to the absorbing pleasures devised by Froebel. In the afternoon the little girls may enter the kitchen-garden, so ably managed by Miss Huntington; and here always a group of delighted visitors may be found, while the small maidens take their lesson in setting table, in dish-washing, and in sweeping, to the dulcet strains of a piano. In another corner, through the generosity of Mrs. Quincy Shaw, the sloyd is maintained. A little further along is a girls' industrial school. Then there is a bewitching library under the care of a lover of children, whose name is well known to them, while the solemn, the cheery, the benignant, the poetical faces of those whose writings have delighted the children of many generations look down from the walls. Then there is the Assembly Room, where the wisdom and science of this nineteenth century will eloquently train the fathers and mothers of these latter days into the best methods of training the mind, the soul, and the bodies of their children.

One leaves this building regretting that one was not born three years ago; that so many fathers and mothers, who have had a college training, are too poor to keep a nurse trained in scientific methods. O for the years to see the children born three years ago reach middle life! In the Woman's Building one of the most interesting of the exhibits is a collection of photographs of children whose parents have had a university training. Perhaps it may be one's good fortune to see these children the parents of children, and that will be the next best thing to being the child of university parents, and born after 1885.

Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$406 74
M., New York, N. Y.	30 00
J. R. M., Stroudsburg, Pa.	3 00
J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.	5 00
Troy, O.	4 00
E. D. M., Minneapolis, Minn.	1 00
Mrs. E. L. S. H. and S. H., Norwalk, Conn.	10 00
M. A. K., Chautauqua, N. Y.	1 00
M. B., Bayonne, N. J.	5 00
E. F. G., Madison, Conn.	3 00
A. M. K., Plymouth, N. H.	50 00
Total	$518 74

Also received from Troy, O., for flowers for the poor, $2.

Are They Necessary?

A few weeks ago there appeared in this department a verbatim account of two recitations in a public school in Brooklyn. The article called out a vigorous protest from a teacher of many years' standing. Familiar as this teacher is with the methods of the system, and with many of the teachers, the account given seemed to her exaggerated. A letter was sent to her, assuring her that the account was verbatim, and, had it been thought wise, the names of the teachers would have been given her. A second letter came from her, in which appears this sentence: "I am glad to know that the article did not affect others as it did me, and especially glad that it has reached some parents. I hope they are not of the usual kind, who, when such facts are brought to their knowledge, express indignation, the only outcome of which is the despairing question, 'What can we do about it?' Fathers and mothers are the ones to do something, and they could do it, if they felt as strongly on the subject as they ought to feel."

When that letter reached us, there was lying in the pigeonhole of the desk the prospectus of a new society, which, it is claimed, is interesting a number of people in New York. To quote from that prospectus, "A permanent practical movement is now being inaugurated to elevate and improve home life in all its surroundings and aspects. To accomplish these objects it is proposed to organize the Home Culture Association of New York." It then goes on to show the necessity of a professional knowledge to properly discharge the duties of a parent. "Parents themselves should be thoroughly educated to rear healthy and well-endowed children. They are the trustees of their children's welfare, and upon them depends whether or not they shall possess good constitutions, well-formed and healthy bodies, and upright natures." The circular further tells us that its object is to be especially devoted to the home itself; to make it bright, cheerful, happy, and abounding with health and culture. The idea is to form groups who will meet and listen to parlor lectures in the churches, on the subjects outlined.

Shortly after that prospectus was received, another was handed to us which set forth the objects of an association to be known as The Parents' Association of America. The objects of the Parents' Association are set forth as follows:

(1) To afford to parents opportunities for co-operation and consultation, so that the wisdom and experience of each may be made profitable for all.

(2) To stimulate their enthusiasm through the sympathy of numbers acting together.

(3) To create a better public opinion on the subject of the training of children, and, with this object in view, to collect and make known the best information and experience on the subject.

(4) To assist parents of all classes to understand the best principles and methods of education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character.

(5) To secure greater unity and continuity of education, by harmonizing home and school training.

This latter Association proposes to form a membership at two dollars a year, husband and wife each to be considered members. That these two Associations should be considered necessary is a serious commentary; that an intelligent woman, who has had a wide experience in the public schools, should believe that parents would not rouse to the needs of their children in educational matters, has a tendency to discouragement. Surely we would say that the intelligent fathers and mothers of this country do not stand in need of organizations to arouse them to the necessities of their own homes and of the children who are a part of them; yet within a year two such movements have been organized in the city of New York, the purpose being to have men and women who make a specialty of certain lines of study present papers to a group of parents assembled, with the hope of arousing them to a sense of their responsibilities, and, having aroused them, to guide them intelligently to meet them.

Now, if these movements were aimed at that stratum of

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society which we usually classify under the head of the "poor," or "tenement-house population," it would not be surprising ; but such is not the intention. The effort is to arouse people above that grade to a sense of their responsibilities. When one of the projectors of one of these enterprises made a call at this editorial office, it was said to him, "Why, there isn't a paper published to-day, even among the daily papers, that does not give space to special questions relating to the home, to women, to children. What do you expect to accomplish that cannot be accomplished through the medium of the press? Look at the magazines, the women's magazines, the children's magazines, all having this very object in view that you have, only you propose now to add another burden to society, to have men and women join another society, have another set of meetings, another set of committees. Surely the press can do all that you have in mind?"

"You are mistaken," was his answer, "if you think men and women read this matter in the papers. They do not have the time; they must be approached personally."

"And do you really think that, as a nation, we are so lax in our domestic relations that we need to be organized in order to meet them?" And his answer was, "Yes," and, drawing from his pocket a list of names, he said, "I can show you the names of over two hundred people in this city of New York who agree with me, and I believe that our home life will be elevated only as men and women are organized with that object in view."

With this teacher we are compelled to sympathize. It is discouraging when one thinks of the condition of the schools in most of our cities. The pupils in these schools in the main come from that class which is the hope and support of every nation—the middle class. We know that the systems devised do not meet the needs of the children who attend the schools; that they do not educate them, that they do not give them the command of their powers. A little fellow ten years old, who for five years has been attending one of the public schools in New York, was, through the instrumentality of a friend of the family, entered in the model school at the College for the Training of Teachers. The teacher under whose care he was placed said, "It is a most pathetic thing to watch that little fellow's struggles; he has never been taught to use the brain, and, as his memory is poor, and he could not meet the requirements of the teacher, who is held in the bonds of a system, he has been simply neglected. It will take a year to overcome the effects of the bad system of which he has been the victim." That boy is the son of New England parents, who married and came to New York, and have since found life just one struggle to keep a home and find food and clothes for the family; the mother has been compelled to become a wage-earner in her own home to accomplish this. This little fellow has been three years in the same grade in the public schools. One of his comments to his new teacher was, "You don't hit boys on the side of the head, do you?" That seemed to be his clearest recollection of the class-room in which he had spent one-half of all the time that he can ever spend in a school-room; and this condition exists in the schools in New York City almost without exception, and Dr. Rice's articles in the "Forum" prove that it is a common condition in all our large cities.

Parents could remedy this condition of affairs if they would. They pay taxes; the men vote; but even the intelligent men do not see the connection between the vote they put in the ballot-box and the education of the child who is as dear to them as their own lives. They admit the close connection between the politicians and the schools, but they refuse to see the connection between politics and the schools before election. It is appalling to realize that parents will allow their children to spend the greatest portion of their waking hours under the influence of men and women whom they could not call by name, and under conditions of which they have absolutely no knowledge. Perhaps organizations are necessary to teach intelligent men and women their duties as parents.

The Needlework Guild of America

By Hester M. Poole

This Needlework Guild is not, as the uninformed might suppose, a society interested in the production of dainty feminine goods and chattels, neither is it devoted to the introduction of new and elaborate stitches and patterns for the delectation of those women of leisure whose busy idleness prompts them to seek every unhackneyed method of domestic ornamentation.

The Guild is simply an unobtrusive charity. So unobtrusive is it as to have no salaried officers, and no expenses which are not met by the voluntary contributions of its members. And yet so important an agency is it for ameliorating the condition of the sick and suffering among the poor that its friends wonder that it had not become an established institution long years ago.

As the object of the Association is to collect new plain garments and to distribute them to the sick and needy, all that is necessary to become a member of the Needlework Guild is to contribute annually, to the nearest branch, two or more new articles of useful clothing.

A branch consists of a President, Secretary, and three or more Directors, tributary to the parent Guild, having headquarters in the city of Philadelphia. To these officers may be added Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, and any number of Directors. Any member obtaining contributions from ten or more persons, or giving the equivalent, twenty-two garments, thereby becomes a Director.

At the annual meeting, held in October or November, the garments which have been received and assorted are distributed to such charities as may be selected by the votes of the officers and directors. Opportunity is given for each to set forth the needs of any hospital, nursery, home, asylum, children's aid society, or emergency department in which he or she is particularly interested, and to direct a portion of the timely beneficence afforded by the Guild into such avenues as are known to be more especially in need of immediate help.

A little reflection will show the necessity of such aid, not only from the philanthropic point of view, but from the economic.

A poor woman, perhaps the mother of fatherless little ones, crippled by rheumatism or prostrated by fever, is sent to a hospital where she remains until convalescent. She is yet weak and sensitive to changes of temperature when discharged, yet she must don the shabby, insufficient clothing in which she was brought to that warm, sheltered refuge. Forth she goes, with perhaps only a thin calico frock and an old shawl to protect herself from inclement storms. Is it any wonder if she relapses and is brought back to the hospital to suffer more keenly than before, if indeed she survives the shock?

"How many garments could you use to advantage in one year?" was asked of the head physician of one of New York's large hospitals. "We need eight thousand every year," he replied; "and yet we see these poor, ill-clad creatures go from our door without sufficient clothing to make them comfortable. In many cases we know they will be returned to us in a worse state than when they first came."

Founded in England by Lady Wolverton some nine years ago, the Needlework Guild is established in almost every civilized country. Organized in America in 1885, its work has been unheralded and noiseless, yet in almost half the States of the Union its branches are established. They who best know its quiet and systematic helpfulness to those who most need help are its stanchest allies and co-workers.

Picked Up

A bright woman recently announced that she was going to start a school of pedal culture for men. It seems necessary. In the cars, on boats, even in parlors, there are men who force your attention to their feet. The thought of keeping the soles of their boots in close connection with

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the floor does not seem to occur to them. The amount of nervousness which a man will display in the use of his feet shows that it is not the other sex alone that need to learn repose.

The following recipe for tapioca cream, found in the New York "Tribune," has been tried and proved to be delicious:

Soak one cup of tapioca in about two cups of milk or water over night. Add a quart of rich milk in the morning. Put the whole in a double boiler and cook it for half an hour, then add the yolks of three eggs and a scant cup of sugar, with a little lemon-peel grated with a lump of sugar for flavoring. Stir the pudding continually after adding the eggs, which must be put in carefully to prevent their being curdled. Let the pudding cook about three minutes, then add the whites of three eggs beaten to a very stiff froth and stirred into the cream. Pour the pudding in a glass dish when it is a little cooled, and let it become perfectly cold. Sometimes a layer of jelly is spread over the cold tapioca, and it is covered with a méringue instead of the whites of the eggs being stirred into the hot pudding. It should always be served cold.

It is stated that it is the thing now to present to a young girl, on the announcement of her engagement, a cup and saucer.

Please give your views as to the custom of putting on mourning on the death of relatives.

Each person should follow the course that ministers most to his or her comfort, so long as that course does not interfere with the freedom of others.

On Conversation

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

"If my fairy godmother would make me beautiful just while I am being introduced to nice people," a bright young school-girl exclaimed, "I could manage the rest. When celebrities come to our table, Elizabeth has only to raise those violet eyes of hers to have all the choice remarks addressed to her. It takes until dessert time for my personality to be even noticed."

"And then," laughed Elizabeth, addressing the same third person in the room, "the violet eyes are ignored, and Cinderella and the Prince soar off together. Explain, Miss Electa! My facts are as solid as hers, my anecdotes as interesting; yet none of my information or wit fits the occasion. I think I know this or that; I find I omitted to learn the end of it. Nothing I know quite hits the mark, while my rival's arrows are good and well thrown. Must I always be the loser in the conversational game?"

"She that uses Emersonian arguments must expect Emersonian conclusions," was the leisurely response. "Conversation's attraction for you is the pledge that it is within your reach. Our prayers are our prophets. Only there must be fidelity, and there must be adherence."

"Fidelity and adherence! Would you ask a child for a taraxacum when you want a dandelion? Does Cinderella, here, exercise fidelity and adherence?"

Miss Electa sewed on. "She has had no opportunity to do so since you began. The first essentials of good conversation are having something to say and being in earnest. Why did not you talk to Mr. Arnold to-night as you just have to me? He is so famous and so wise that you were afraid of him? Besides, you are diffident by nature? Then conquer nature; for diffidence, as Douglas Jerrold says, 'is an acquaintance that hourly picks your pocket, that makes you hob and nob with fustian when otherwise you might jostle with court rufflers.'

"Some years ago the daughter of the American Minister to Germany asked an experienced woman for advice in her social career. The first requisite, she was told, was to learn the German language, of which she knew nothing. To get it she must lay aside her books, conquer her habit of reticence, and talk. 'Make people talk to you; talk to them; everybody—servants, shopkeepers, authors, princes. Never mind mistakes; nobody will laugh at the Minister's daughter; but talk!' In six months she was the marvel of the place, having learned to speak the language with richness and purity."

"Fidelity and adherence," murmured Cinderella, "combined with courage. Go on."

"One learns to talk only by talking. Practice is the best of professional educators. Chesterfield, when a boy, resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive and the most elegant with which the language could supply him for the purpose; and Dr. Johnson's rule was always to talk as well as you can, no matter what the company, and, by so doing, that which was an effort at first will become easy. No art, unless it be the art of thought, can be so constantly practiced as conversation; its very facility may be in its way, for, excepting again right thinking, good conversation is perhaps the rarest of accomplishments."

"Now, having learned how to talk," said Elizabeth, dryly, "it may be well to inquire what to say. Shall one begin with the weather?"

"The weather is too marvelous to be despised, and Mr. Ellwanger is right in calling it the oil of conversation's wheels. It is capable, too, of more than the commonplace exclamations. One of the pleasant recollections of my life is a conversation beginning with, 'The sky to-night was a battle-field for the armies of glory and of gloom.' I was a timid girl, but I was surprised into a response that led to a lively talk and a lasting friendship. The subject really matters little. The main thing is to begin at once and to leave a gate open behind you. People who benumb their companions with monosyllables, and the utter dropping of the conversational ball as it is tossed, are as rude as the person who shuts a door in another's face. Periods are out of place in conversation, where the dash and the interrogation point should reign supreme."

"But the dash implies interruption. Is it not as rude to open a person's door uninvited as to close your own door in his face?"

"Interruption should come from one's self. A person should never talk so long as to require interruption. 'Take as many half-minutes as you can get,' advised Sydney Smith, 'but never talk more than half a minute without pausing and giving others a chance to strike in!'"

"You believe in questions, also, those torture-screws of society?"

"There are questions and questions, as there is laudable and ignoble curiosity. The people most worthy of attention do not intrude their views without knowing they are desired, and yet they may have treasures untold which are yours for the asking. 'We should have to be shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez,' writes Mr. Lowell, 'not to find men who know more than we.' Yet questioning must be discriminate. Mr. Mallock says he does not call a woman cultivated whose one question at dinner is, 'Have you read so-and-so?' but he calls a woman cultivated who responds as one passes from subject to subject—who, by a flash in her eye, by a slight gesture of the hand, by a flush in the cheek, makes him feel, as he talks of some lovely scene, that she too could love it; as he speaks of sorrows, that she herself has known them; as he speaks of ambition or hope or remorse, that all these things are not mere names to her, but things."

"You say," Cinderella broke through the silence which followed, "that we may always find persons who know what we do not; but the difficulty is to make them give it up. Some persons are passive as pillows. Is it my fault when I can get no rebound as Emerson blamed his son for not making the boys listen to him when he recited in school? How is one to get people to make themselves interesting?"

"A gentleman to whom I was once introduced said to me: 'My hobby is yachting; may I ask what yours is?' He believed in wasting no time in probing, but the probing is often of great interest. You may wander from Dan to Beersheba in your conversation, and suddenly the divining-rod in your hand will tremble, and you will know thereby that the hidden metal is at your feet. Too few persons realize that the way to win confidence is to give it. Agassiz, in his travels, would talk of glacial phenomena to the driver of a country stage-coach among the mountains, or

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to some workman splitting rock at the roadside; he would take the common fisherman into his scientific confidence, telling him the intimate secrets of fish structure, till the man in his turn grew enthusiastic and began to pour out information from the stores of his own rough and untaught habits of observation. Speaking of your family will almost invariably bring out particulars of your companion's family; your travels, of his; a celebrity you happened to meet, one he delighted in knowing; your experiences, his experiences."

"And if still he fails to respond?"

"Then you must take matters into your own hands. Leave him for some one more successful, if you can; or speak across the table, if you may; or do the talking yourself, if you must."

"Suppose you yourself have nothing to say?"

"That is inexcusable. Every person who frequents society should have a few forces in reserve—an anecdote, or a conundrum, a scene to describe, a book to discuss. Such preparation is neither sinful nor stilted. The toilet of the mind is as important as the toilet of the body, and our successes are usually proportioned to our mental equipment."

"A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—III.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not. —*Old Song.*

Suddenly the great boom of a gun seemed to fill the air to bursting, and Tom started to his feet; something from the south side of the hill came screaming overhead and fell, plowing up the ground on the northern slope below him. It was a cannon-ball from the Lively. Tom waited; another followed, and another. They had discovered the American intrenchments.

"When this stops," thought Tom, "I'll run for the redoubt; Asa can't send me out in a rain of cannon-balls," and, crouching a little, he watched the entrance. The firing seemed to be decreasing, and doing little or no damage; and the labor on the redoubt, so far as Tom could see, was almost finished. Tom was about to cross the fields when he saw Asa, spade in hand, come out of the northern passageway, and turn the angle of the fortification. "I'll wait until I see him come back," said Tom to himself, and, settling drowsily down in the hay once more, he fell asleep again. So soundly did he sleep that even the furious cannonading that began about three-quarters of an hour later did not awake him, and thus he missed sight of a little squad of men who sallied out from the cover of the intrenchments and hurried in again, bearing a heavy burden.

But finally something knocked the top rail from off the fence; Tom sat up and rubbed his eyes, watching the ball dully as it ricochetted down the hill, where he was surprised to see one or two soldiers dodging from haycock to haycock on the slope below; standing up, he caught sight of another skulking in the long grass at the side of the road to Bunker Hill. "They are running off," he cried. "Hi, there!" He jumped to the top of the fence and shook his fist at them, and then remained there in overwhelming admiration.

Over on the redoubt another figure stood out clear against the morning sky. A tall, broad-shouldered old man was walking slowly around the parapet. He was dressed in full Continental uniform, buff knee-breeches, and bright blue coat with yellow facings that the sun brought out like gold; the keen steel of a little sword he held in his hand gleamed at every step. On the south side of the redoubt he stood a moment looking with careless interest at the seething little city below, removing his heavy cocked hat to enjoy the morning breeze; then, as if the whizzing balls were of no more moment than the downward dip of a flock of sooty swallows, he continued his leisurely promenade.

It was Colonel Prescott. Open-mouthed, Tom stared at him, forgetful of everything else, until, coming to that end of the parapet, the old officer stopped in astonishment. With uplifted face and rapt eyes Tom raised his fingers to his forehead in salute; the Colonel returned it gravely, as to an equal, motioning at the same time for Tom to approach.

He sprang from the fence; not for worlds would he have given way to the impulse which prompted him to race across the upward slope of the field between them. His head erect, he came slowly towards the fortification. A ball flew over; when he found that he had not dodged it as it passed, Tom felt a great joy; but his neck ached with the tension. Reaching the parapet, he halted.

"Come up!" shouted Prescott. "We have need of men here!"

With a sudden swift run Tom scaled the six feet of crumbling earth between them. "They are deserting out there, Colonel," he cried, with a backward sweep of the hand towards Bunker Hill. "I saw three of them."

"Come," said Colonel Prescott, his ruddy color deepening and his eyes flashing with anger. "Come and show those cowards that even our little lads excel them in courage. Do not dodge the balls! If you want to serve your country this day, now is your opportunity!"

With Prescott's hand resting heavily on his arm, Tom dared not wince, as they slowly made the circuit of the redoubt. Opposite Boston they came to a pause. The whole town was humming and buzzing with excitement; troops mustering, bugles blowing, armed men marching, with glimpses of red coats and flashings of burnished steel in the sunlight. People were swarming on all the roofs and church steeples. "We have disturbed a hornet's nest," said Colonel Prescott, "and before long they will be about our ears. You had better return to Cambridge while you may."

Tom looked up at him apprehensively. "Must I go back?" he said, meekly,

Colonel Prescott looked undecided. "No," he said, finally, "you may stay," and stepped down into the redoubt.

Tom scrambled down behind him, and, seizing a spade, set to work on the side of the embankment, leveling earthen steps, which were then covered with boards in order that the men might stand more firmly when firing. Keeping his eye open for Asa, he worked diligently, but no Asa appeared. At last hunger and heat began to tell upon him; he had depended on a share of Asa's rations, to which, in view of this contingency, he had contributed liberally the night before.

"I should like to see Asa's face when he finds me here," he said to Peter Brown, the man working next him. Peter looked at him a moment curiously; he was a member of Asa's company, and knew Tom well.

"Asa will never find you here," he said, slowly.

"And why not?"

"Because he is dead."

"Dead!" The ground seemed to heave up beneath Tom's feet.

"Yes, dead; and buried too, for that matter."

"When?" Tom tried to say, "and how?" but no sound came from his trembling lips. Brown, however, understood.

"Only a short time ago," he answered. "It caused such a panic that old Prescott ordered him to be buried immediately. The chaplain made a fine fuss about it; he tried twice to hold a service, but the Colonel broke it up both times. The truth is, a corpse in their midst was sadly frightening the men; none of them would work anywhere near the top of the redoubt until the Colonel walked around it and took you with him. That was a good thing to do, Tom; and you are a brave lad—too brave to break down now!"

Tom sank down on the lowest grade of the earthen steps, his gun resting idly between his knees. The sun was rising higher and higher in the heavens, and the heat was beginning to be intolerable. Everywhere the soldiers lay about on the trodden grass in pitiful exhaustion. They had worked in relays during the whole night; but few of them had heeded the order to provide themselves with

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rations, and now neither reinforcements for the weary nor provisions for the hungry were forthcoming. Long ago the daylight had brought clearly to view the exposed position of the Continental works, and the enemy, taking advantage of the high tide, moved three or four floating batteries up the river to play upon their defenses. The work was nearly done; the men from the other intrenchments had been called in, and had thrown themselves wearily on the ground with the rest. Every one seemed to have come to the end of his strength; the officers, haggard and grimy, stood about in groups, not speaking to each other, and at a short distance from the rest Colonel Prescott and General Putnam paced in angry discussion as to the intrenchment of Bunker Hill. "I cannot spare the men," said Prescott; "and even if I could, they would run away as soon as they found themselves in the open field. Cover them to the waist and they fight like demons; otherwise they run—the Continentals are all afraid of their legs!"

"In case of a retreat," urged Putnam, "the intrenching of Bunker Hill is absolutely necessary."

Tom heard no more, as they passed by him and walked to the further end of the redoubt; but finally the old General seemed in part to have gained his point, for he rode off with a quantity of intrenching tools on his horse, followed by a small detachment of men, who later on justified Colonel Prescott's unflattering predictions. Tom mounted to the top of the embankment to see them go, but before they were out of sight he turned in the opposite direction to look towards the city. Two great men-of-war were moving up the harbor to join the ships and transports already there; slowly they came into position, and then, with a sudden roar, cannon, at every point, belched shot on the Continentals.

The guns of the Falcon and the Lively swept the low grounds in front of Breed's Hill in order to dislodge any troops that might be posted there to oppose a landing. The Somerset and two floating batteries at the ferry, near the North of Boston, and the battery on Copp's Hill poured shot upon the American redoubt. The Glasgow frigate and the Symmetry transport, moved further up the river, raked the Charlestown Neck to prevent the arrival of reinforcements; and, as if heralded by all the uproar of battle, there came sweeping around from the other side of the Boston peninsula a long string of barges laden with the bright-coated British, who landed battalion after battalion near Moulton's Point, their brilliant arms flashing in the sun and the gorgeous red of their uniforms in insolent contrast with the motley little crowd opposed to them above.

"Look at them!" Tom heard a young officer near him exclaiming angrily; "look at them! They are eating their dinners under our eyes, and we have not even a flag to bid them defiance!"

They were both crouching down behind the earthworks out of the way of the balls. Turning to the young man eagerly, Tom started to speak, but hesitated.

"Boy, what are you about here?" exclaimed the young man, severely.

"I am about to fight?" said Tom, with dignity; "but never mind that: I have a flag;" and, climbing hastily down the embankment, he made his way in and out among the soldiers until he came to the foot of the apple-tree. Putting his hand in the hollow under the root, he pulled out his flag, and with it also his paint-pot. Taking both, he returned to his place on the intrenchment, and spread out his trophies for inspection.

"It looks like a sheet with a pine-tree in the corner!" said the young officer, discontentedly. "They will take it for a flag of truce."

Tom stared at it a moment, and then, seizing the brush from his paint-pot, hastily made great strokes on the ragged white surface. "They will never take that for surrender!" he cried, and, springing to the flag-staff, he fastened it to the tackle and ran it up.

A fitful little breeze, blowing from the west, straightened the limp folds.

There was a burst of cheers and laughter from the disheartened Continentals; for, directly in the face of all that British magnificence, flaunted in great blue letters:

COME IF YOU DARE!

Sunday Afternoon

The Christian Law of Life

By Washington Gladden

Whosoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.—Luke xvii., 33.

To formal logic this statement is absurd. "How," demands the scientific reasoner, "can it be affirmed that gain is loss and that loss is gain? You might as well say that east is west, or that down is up, or that something is nothing. The statement violates the principle of contradiction—that which Sir William Hamilton declares to be the highest of all logical laws, the supreme law of thought." True; and by those who suppose that the only logic is formal logic, and that all our reasoning about morality must be conformed to that which serves us in the sciences of quantity, the objection will be considered valid. If the methods and maxims which we employ in dealing with things abstract and inanimate are applicable when we are dealing with life and character, then this statement is perfectly absurd.

It is evident that the tendency of thought, in many intellectual circles, is to carry these methods and maxims of formal logic up into the higher realms of experience, and to insist that all knowledge in these higher realms must be submitted to their measurements. The extension of physical law into the spiritual world; the attempt to unify all knowledge by forcing the facts of the moral order into the categories of causation—this is one of the striking phenomena of the present age. Some devout men have joined in this movement, and, in their zeal to bring about a reconciliation between religion and science, have made concessions which are equally fatal to science and religion. The prevalent skepticism has arisen mainly out of the attempt to explain spiritual facts by physical laws. They cannot be so explained. The principle of friendship cannot be found in physics or chemistry; nor can it be deduced, by any process of reasoning, from any physical phenomena. The sentiment of honor cannot be accounted for by any quantitative analysis; the impulse of patriotism cannot be derived by the most exact calculus from the tables of the United States Census. The law of the conservation of energy is supposed to cover all the operations of nature; but faith and hope and love can no more be brought under its formula than knowledge can be weighed in the scales of an apothecary. As soon as we pass from the inorganic world we find these maxims failing us.

Take this law or principle of contradiction—that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time and in the same sense. As applied to existences purely inorganic, or to mere abstract generalizations, this is true; but on the very threshold of the kingdoms of life this masterful law halts, and cannot enter. To nothing which lives and grows can any such dictum be applied. Every living thing is also a dying thing. It lives by dying. "As dying and behold we live" is not merely an emotional paradox, it is the biological formula; it is the utterance of every creature that possesses life. Listen to these impressive sentences: "The animal body dies daily, in the sense that at every moment some part of its substance is suffering decay, is undergoing combustion. This breaking down of complex substances, this continued partial decay, is indeed the source of the body's energy; each act of life is the offspring of an act of death. Each strain of a muscle, every throb of the heart, . . . every throw of the vital shuttle, means an escape of energy." This is not, as you might suppose, an extract from some commentary on one of St. Paul's epistles; it is a quotation from one of the latest scientific treatises upon Physiology.[1] In the face of statements like these, it begins to look as if the principle of contradiction

[1] Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XIX., p. 9.

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or non-contradiction was somewhat difficult of application when you come into the field where life is at work, where the forces of development are at play. "The notion of development," says Principal Caird, "is one which cannot be apprehended merely by affirmation, or by a series of affirmations, but only by a process which includes affirmation and negation, or, more precisely, perpetual affirmation, perpetual negation, solved in reaffirmation. At no moment of its progressive existence is it possible to determine a living organism as merely that which is, or to compass the idea of it by any number of positive predicates. . . . At every stage of its growth, and at every minutest portion of that stage, the organism not only is, but is passing away from that which it is."[1]

It may be, after all, that these words of the Christ, that we save our lives only by losing them, are not the mere hyperbole of a rhetorician! Let us see whether we can find any further confirmation of this law.

The life-history of everything that lives is, as we have seen, a commentary on Christ's words; so also do we find them confirmed in the relation which the parts of every organism bear to the organism. Interdependence is the law of every organized existence. No part of any organism lives by itself; it cannot be understood by itself; it has no meaning by itself; you cannot describe it or define it without mentioning the other parts of the organism to which it is vitally related. This is even true of those members of any living thing whose relations to it seem to be only mechanical. How will you define an arm? What use has it, what meaning has it, apart from the body to which it belongs? What is a stamen? Is it possible to form any idea of it except in its connection with the flower? Its definition is in its function; and you cannot describe its function without bringing in the whole life of the plant of which it is a member. How can you comprehend an organ without comprehending the organism? How can you separate, in thought, the heart or the lungs or the brain from the human body, and get by your analysis any adequate idea of heart or lungs or brain? You cannot think an organ without thinking the organism. Divide it in idea even from the rest of the organism, and you have destroyed the idea of it.

And as no part of an organism exists by itself, so neither does it exist for itself. The condition of its existence is not self-maintenance, but ministry. The heart does not work for itself. The lungs do not breathe for themselves. The moment any organ should set up for itself, isolating itself from the rest of the body, that moment its own supplies would be cut off, and it would cease to be. It lives by what it gives to the other members and by what it receives from them. If it should seek to gain an independent existence it would lose its life at once; it is only by merging its life in the life of the body that it preserves its life.

What, therefore, is true of the organism as a whole is true of every part or member of it; it has no separate existence; individuation would mean death, and self-dependence would be self-destruction; it is by losing its life that it preserves its life.

Let us take this principle into a higher realm, and test it by applying it to the life of thought, the life of the mind. Not less true is it here that any attempt on the part of the thinker to isolate his thought would result in the paralysis of his thinking powers. We talk of independent thought; we praise the independent thinker; doubtless these phrases must have some significance, but how much do they signify? Every thinker ought to be to such a degree independent that he shall be unwilling to accept the conclusions of others if it is possible for him to verify them by his own investigations. No man ought to be a mere lazy pensioner on the labor of other investigators. But there are those who seem to imagine that intellectual independence requires them to think nothing that other men have thought and to believe nothing that other men believe—to have a snug little intellectual world of their own, and live in it. Thus we have men who evolve from their own consciousness their theories of all things visible and invisible, and stamp on these pet notions of theirs their own individuality, and appear to take great pride in the mental fabrications which they have thus excogitated. A good many men have thus their own private interpretation of the universe, and of course they have no use for anybody else's interpretation. John Doe has his own theory of the solar system, of the constitution of matter, of the nature of virtue; and the beauty of this theory, in John Doe's eyes, is that it is his own personal property, his *proprium;* he has put his own trade-mark on it; it represents his work as an independent thinker. It must be confessed that a type of mind which resembles this is not uncommon, yet it may be doubted whether its products are very valuable. An Apostle has told us that private interpretations of Scripture are not of much account—that the view which commends itself to the judgment of only one man is not, probably, an important view. And it is equally doubtful whether a theory of the universe or of any portion of it which is confined to the apprehension of any one mind is of much consequence. Truth about the universe ought to be truth universal, one would say. It is only the truth which is universally true, which is true for every rational mind, that is of highest import. Most of us have our own small mental singularities and idiosyncrasies and pet notions and whims and crotchets; but mental progress consists in parting with these, and in substituting for them universal ideas—truths that are not peculiar to our minds, that are just as true for every other rational being as they are for us. John Doe cannot afford to keep his own pet theory of the solar system; he becomes a philosopher by abandoning that and getting possession of a theory which every one of his neighbors must accept as soon as the terms in which it is stated are explained to him. Those portions of my knowledge which are peculiar to myself, which no one can share with me, are of doubtful utility; let me make haste to get rid of this esoteric knowledge, and to replace it by knowledge that is not mine at all, by truths of which it is impossible for me to gain a copyright, by ideas which are the birthright of all sane minds.

Let us see if the principle of the text is not also fundamental in ethical science. How shall we formulate the law of duty? Is duty an individualistic conception? Can I solve the problem of duty by studying myself as an individual and neglecting all thought of my fellow-men? No! I can no more isolate myself in finding duty than I can isolate myself in seeking truth. The moral law is no more a matter of private interpretation than is the law of gravitation. When I undertake to make my moral sense, my moral judgment, the criterion of right, I make myself as absurd as when I undertake to make my knowledge—be the same more or less—the measure and standard of all truth. Not only is duty for me a very complex thing, growing out of multifarious relations to all my fellows, and incapable of comprehension except in full view of these relations, but it belongs to the essence of moral obligation that it is universal. Kant's law clearly expresses it: "Act so that the maxim of thy will can be at the same time accepted as the principle of a universal legislation." You cannot deal with moral questions at all—you have no conception of what morality signifies—till you free yourself from all personal piques and resentments and preferences and cravings and are ready to put yourself in the places of all those with whom you hold, or may hold, any relations whatever, and to choose their welfare as you choose your own. The first principle of morality requires that you abandon the point of view of the individual and look at all questions from the point of view of the universal welfare.

These illustrations will, I trust, have made it plain that the maxim which we are studying is not a mere rhetorical paradox; that it is the exact statement of one of the deepest laws of life; that the principle which it embodies is one that no sane man can afford to neglect. The Christian law of conduct cannot, indeed, as we have seen, be assimilated to the sciences of quantity; when the methods of reasoning which are employed in those sciences are carried up into the spiritual realm, the result is mental petrifaction and moral putrefaction; but as we ascend into

[1] "Philosophy of Religion," p. 219.

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the kingdom of life, some glimpses appear of those higher principles by which the conduct of spiritual beings must be ruled. Here we seem to find a movement from another quarter—spiritual law coming down upon the natural world; communion replacing competition; it is no longer a pure individualism; the law of each for all and all for each begins to find expression. And while we can never reach, by any of these biological analogies, the complete statement of the spiritual laws, we find ourselves steadily drawing toward them, as we traverse the kingdoms of life. In the very lowest of these kingdoms, as Mr. Spencer has been good enough to point out, we find the adumbration of self-sacrifice in those species which multiply by fission—the parent giving up a portion of its own life that the child may live. And with every step that we rise, the signs become clearer of a kingdom of heaven coming down upon the earth—of the steady retreat of the law of a carnal commandment before the power of an endless life.

By all these paths ascending to the superior realms of life, we are ready, when we reach them, for that clear statement of the highest law, given by the Prince of Life himself, in the words that we are studying.

The Christian law of life has not, however, I fear, been generally believed by Christians themselves to be a practicable rule. Those maxims into which Christ condenses the legislation of the kingdom of heaven have been regarded as presenting distant ideals toward which, no doubt, we are bound to strive, but to which, in the present state of society, any close approximation would savor of fanaticism. Actually to love our neighbors as ourselves, to do to others as we could wish them to do to us, to prefer one another in honor, to act on the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive—all this, we have been wont to think, is visionary and impossible. This is doubtless the law of the heavenly life, we say, but any attempt to follow it here upon the earth would be fraught with all manner of disasters. It is possible that in some secluded corners of human society—in the family, perhaps; to some small extent, it may be, in the Church—we may look for obedience to these Christian precepts. Even in the Church, however, we have thought it quite unsafe to depend upon Christian principles; we sell our church pews, for the most part, in the dearest market, giving to the longest purse the highest seat in the synagogue; and in our sectarian competitions we frankly recognize the principle of the survival of the strongest. In the great service of the State, and in the broad realms of industry and commerce, there has been no more room for the Christian law than there was for Christ himself at his advent in Bethlehem.

"The form which the infidelity of England, especially, has taken," wrote John Ruskin, thirty years ago, "is one unheard of in human history. No nation ever before declared boldly, by print and word of mouth, that its religion was good for show, but 'would not work.' Over and over again has it happened that nations denied their gods, but they denied them bravely. The Greeks, in their decline, jeered at their religion and frittered it away in flatteries and fine arts; the French refused theirs fiercely, tore down their altars, and brake their carven images. The question about God with both these nations was still, even in their decline, fairly put, though falsely answered. 'Either there is or is not a Supreme Ruler; we consider of it, declare there is not, and proceed accordingly.' But we English have put the matter in an entirely new light: 'There is a Supreme Ruler, no question of it, only he cannot rule. His orders won't work. He will be quite satisfied with euphonious and respectful repetition of them. Execution would be too dangerous under existing circumstances, which he certainly never contemplated.'

'I had no conception of the absolute darkness which has covered the national mind in this respect until I began to come into collision with persons engaged in the study of economical and political questions. The entire *naïveté* and undisturbed imbecility with which I found them declare that the laws of the Devil were the only practicable ones, and that the laws of God were merely a form of poetical language, passed all that I had ever before heard or read of mortal infidelity. I knew the fool had often said in his heart there was *no* God, but to hear him say clearly out with his lips, 'There is a foolish God,' was something which my art studies had not prepared me for. . . .

"Co-relative with the assertion 'There is a foolish God' is the assertion 'There is a brutish man.' As no laws but those of the Devil are practicable in this world, so no impulses but those of the brute' (says the modern philosopher) 'are appealable to in the world.' Faith, generosity, honesty, zeal, and self-sacrifice are poetical phrases. None of these things can, in reality, be counted upon; there is no truth in man which can be used as a moving or productive power. All motive force in him is essentially brutish, covetous, or contentious. His power is only power of prey; otherwise than the spider he cannot design; otherwise than the tiger he cannot feed. This is the modern interpretation of that embarrassing article of the Creed, 'the communion of saints.'"[1]

Bitter words are these, terrible words, but it is their sincerity that makes them pungent, and their truth that makes them terrible. They are not so true of England to-day as they were thirty years ago, thanks to the faithful witnessing of men like John Ruskin. Some dim apprehension that the Christian morality may be true seems to be dawning upon the mind of that great nation. Can we say as much for our own country? Hardly yet, I fear. Churches, here and there, are timidly venturing to cast off the competitive methods, and to trust in the consecrated purpose of their parishioners for their maintenance; and there are signs in the industrial realm of a disposition to modify the harsh rule of supply and demand by the principle of good will; yet, for the most part, it is held, by the members of churches as stoutly as by outsiders, that the only rule that will work is not the golden rule, but "the good old rule" of Rob Roy,

> the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

It must be admitted that there are some reasons for doubting whether *this* rule is working perfectly. The condition of the social and political world is not all that could be desired. In the midst of an increase in the productive energies of the nation that is almost miraculous, and a multiplication of wealth that is phenomenal, there is a great deal of hard and hopeless poverty. That it is positively increasing I do not say; I only say that there is far more of it than there ought to be in a country as rich as ours. Neither do I assert that this poverty is all due to social maladjustments; its causes are many; but every man who comes in contact with the lower stratum of society knows that there is always a great multitude of honest and willing workers vainly asking for work to earn their daily bread, or laboring for wages that will barely keep them in existence. No man can be familiar with Darkest London or Darkest New York, or the destitute districts of any of our great cities, without feeling that the inequalities of our civilization are intolerable.

Whatever may be said, however, about the economic aspects of this problem, it will not be denied that the moral aspects are serious. It may be maintained that the poor have no reasons for complaint; it is certain that the poor do not think so. Social discontent is increasing; the gulf which divides the employed from the employing classes steadily widens; the tempers which are engendered by strikes and lockouts are fierce and implacable. How shall we account for these alienations and antipathies—this steady growth of unsocial feelings? Shall we lay it all to the unreason and depravity of the working classes? I do not think that this would be a rational explanation. If for the last fifty years social classes which ought to be in friendliest cooperation have been steadily drawing apart; if those who organize work and those who perform it are becoming more and more antipathetic; if, thus, the very stability of society is threatened by outbreaks of enmity, the explanation must be that there is something radically wrong in the social organization. Whatever gains of social wealth may be

[1] "Modern Painters," V., Part IX., Chap. XII.

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credited to the competitive régime, its fruits in the realm of character have been bitter fruits. Shall we say that a system is working well which fills the storehouses of the land with wealth and the hearts of the people with hatred for one another? Might it not be better for the nation to have a little less luxury and a little more good will?

And if our keen individualism has failed to bring forth order and peace in the industrial world, much more serious has its failure been in the political world. Into politics the principle of private interest has been intruding more and more during the last half-century. There are still men who serve the State for patriotic reasons; but that statement will be thought in many circles incredible, almost absurd. The possession and the hope of office, with its rewards, are now popularly regarded as the only adequate motives to public service. It is generally assumed that political parties can be held together by no other bond than the cohesive power of public plunder. Under the tuition of this principle how are our politics faring? I will not attempt to answer that question; I will only call attention to one frightful fact which no man can gainsay—that the number of people in this country who will not vote unless they are paid for voting is rapidly increasing, so that each of the great political parties finds it necessary to raise enormous sums of money on the eve of every election for the wholesale bribery of voters. That is only one ghastly symptom of a state of affairs in which thoughtful Americans find very little comfort. It must be admitted that the individualistic principle is not working very well in our political affairs.

Does it not begin to dawn upon some of the wise leaders of business and politics that something is out of joint in the social structure? Is it not about time to begin to inquire whether the laws of the devil are the only practicable laws? whether the maxim, Every man for himself, and so forth, is the true regulative principle of all human affairs, outside of the home and the church? We have kept saying, lo, these many years, that Christ's law would not work in practical life. Certain it is that the law of that kingdom which he came to overthrow does not work very well. Might it not be worth while to try the law so long discarded?

Oh, it is pitiful, pitiful, that one must stand here, at the end of the nineteenth century of our Lord, and plead with the people who bear his name that he is not a foolish Ruler, a quixotic Leader; that his word is the illuminating word; that his way is the living way; that it is safe to trust him and to follow him. To trust him not only for the life which is to come, but for the life that now is; to believe that he is able to lead and rule, not only in the armies of heaven, but among the inhabitants of earth. Too long have we been willing to put that kingdom which he came to found, away beyond the stars; to interpret all his glowing words about it as the description of some visionary state which has no relation to this world. That was not the purpose of his mission; that is not the meaning of his Gospel. Recall the words of that prayer which he taught his disciples; surely that must embody all that is essential in his doctrine: and there is not one word in that which signifies that you and I are ever to live in any other world than this. There is no intimation of a wish that we may go to heaven; it is a prayer whose sole burden is that heaven may be brought to earth. That is the great meaning of the Master—always his first meaning. It is not to some unknown commonwealth that his counsels and commands apply, but to this world in which we live. If his laws have jurisdiction anywhere, they have jurisdiction now and here, in street and market, in factory and counting-room.

The real meaning of this Gospel is beginning to appear even to minds which have not been in sympathy with its teachings. Thus, John Fiske, rising from the contemplation of the fact that humanity is gradually throwing off the brute inheritance—passing out of that primitive social state "in which he was little better than a brute toward an ultimate social state in which his character shall have been so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it"—cries out: "When have we ever before held such a clue to the meaning of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount—'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'? In the cruel strife of centuries has it not often seemed as if the earth were to be rather the prize of the hardest heart and the strongest fist? To many men these words of Christ have been as foolishness and a stumbling-block, and the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount have been openly derided as too good for this world."[1] Yea, verily; and now it is an evolutionist who stands up in the assemblies of a half-believing Church and points out to them that the kingdom for which they have been praying so long, but whose advent they have put far away into some distant millennium, is nigh, even at the doors.

"Truly," answers one genuine prophet of the generation—"Truly the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. . . . While the Christian theorist insists that human selfishness is ineradicable, the movement of an unregenerate society is tending to a point where altruism will be accepted as a scientific necessity. Men have already so far comprehended the divine teachings of nature as to know that there is no individual health except through the health of the community. They find also, now that they undertake vast industrial and commercial enterprises, that, having called so largely upon nature's vitalities, they are confronting also her larger spiritual meanings, unheeded hitherto; and that their vast and complex machinery, with its accelerations through steam and electricity, will not work without incalculable waste, friction, and uncertainty as to its beneficent result to any one concerned in its management, *except through a human fellowship in its control as universal as nature's own co-operation therewith.* Thus the children of this world, keeping close to natural uses, stand face to face with vitalities whose laws point to Christ, and compel them at least to assume that selfishness is impracticable. Shall not the Christian accept the reality when worldly science cannot evade the similitude."[2]

To the young men before me let me especially commend this truth. Some of you are already the pledged disciples of the Master whose word we have been studying. I trust that this discussion may have helped you to see that in choosing him as your Master you have made no mistake; that his word is indeed the sure word; that his way is the only way. Is not this clear to all of you? Are there not good reasons for believing that this Galilean peasant, who nineteen centuries ago so clearly laid down the law of the soul and of society, is the very Messiah of God—Leader and Lawgiver and Captain and King of men? What nobler standard can you find, what better leadership can you follow, than that of Jesus of Nazareth? And this law of his, that you save your life by losing it—has it not been made plain to you that it is the law of life? Is it hard for a brave and chivalrous young man to catch the spirit of this law? Does it not at once come home to him that self-surrender to a lofty ideal is the truest self-mastery; that he who loses himself in enthusiastic devotion to the highest good he knows most surely finds himself? Cling fast to this conviction, I beseech you; let it not go; keep it, for it is your life. It is not by what you try to get out of the world that your life will be enriched; it is by what you give to the world. Join yourselves not with those who seek to levy tribute upon the earnings of thousands, but rather with those who study to lift the burdens and brighten the lives of their fellow-men. I believe that the world is readier to-day than ever before to recognize and welcome a heroic Christliness. I believe that wonders can be wrought in the industrial realm by men who will put the spirit of Christ into the organization of industry. I believe that great victories for purity and decency can be won in any community by a faithful few who will throw themselves into the political arena with the same motive that sends a missionary to Africa or a soldier into the slender ranks of the forlorn hope. Great work is waiting for you, young men; I hope that you are getting ready for it. I hope that you will find it and do it with your might.

May God guide you into his own right way, and gird you

[1] "The Destiny of Man," p. 105.
[2] "God in His World," p. xxxvii.

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with his might, and clothe you with his beauty, and fill you with his peace, so that round about you, wherever you shall stand, there shall be clear spaces for thought and work, so that out of your lives a virtue shall issue which shall enrich the poor, and comfort the sorrowful, and make the burden-bearer strong; so that, losing your lives in Christly service, you shall keep them unto life eternal.

Paul at Ephesus[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Ephesus was the capital and most important city of the province of Asia; the emporium of the trade of the East; one of the eyes of Asia, as it was called; at the time of Paul's visit, a free city, with thriving commerce, a fair cultivation of the arts and literature, a fervor of idolatry, and bewitched with sorcery. The harbor has long since been filled up by the wash of the sea and the soil brought down by the river, and only ruins remain of the once beautiful structures, only death where once was thriving and vigorous life. Paul, on his missionary journey, coming to the city, found here certain disciples who had learned the first lesson of Christianity, but had not gone on to take the second.[2] Paul, some six or eight months before, had preached one sermon in the synagogue at Ephesus, but had refused an urgent invitation to remain. If we take his sermon at Antioch in Pisidia (chap. xiii.) as a type of his preaching to the Jews—and it is the only fully reported sermon to his own countrymen which we possess—he did not undertake to set the whole Christian system before them, but simply the truths that Jesus is the Messiah, and that through him, by repentance, is remission of sins; nothing, probably, was said about the Trinity, the gift of the Holy Ghost, the form or nature of baptism, or church order or organization. Having planted this seed, the Apostle departed. He was followed by Apollos; but Apollos knew the facts of Christianity only by rumor, and very imperfectly (chap. xviii., 24–28), and nothing concerning the gift of the Holy Ghost, or the nature of Christian baptism. It is reasonable to presume, then, that, as the result of the preaching of Paul and Apollos, a few Jews had accepted the truth that Jesus is the Messiah, and had been baptized, as a symbol of repentance, perhaps by Apollos, certainly with a baptism like that of John; that, insomuch as they accepted Jesus as the Messiah, they were recognized as disciples—*i. e.*, as pupils—though ignorant of some of the fundamental principles of Christian theology; they received no further instruction from Apollos, who proceeded immediately to Greece, nor from Aquila and Priscilla, who were not rabbis, and had no opportunity to teach what they knew publicly in the synagogue, and who, for aught that appears in the narrative, had never met these disciples, and were as yet imperfectly instructed themselves. They believed that Jesus was the promised Messiah; but the further truth that another Comforter had come, who was given for light and life to all that would receive him (chap. ii., 38, 39), they had never heard of.

The Christian Church seems to me to be still full of Ephesian Christians, who, if the truth were known, have hardly so much as heard that there is a Holy Ghost. They are devout believers, but in that which is the consummation of Christianity, that which is its final fruitage, they have little or no belief, none that is intelligent, none that they dare trust. They believe that there is a God; that he made the world; that he spake in ancient times through prophets and apostles; that he wrought miracles in authentication of the divine message intrusted to them; and they look almost with horror upon any one who doubts or denies these articles of faith. To do so is to be infidel, if not atheist. They believe also in Jesus Christ; that he was born of a virgin; that he lived, taught, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, and ascended into heaven. To question either his preaching, his miracles, his death, or his resurrection they regard as fatal; he who thinks so is an infidel, and is outside the pale of their sympathies and the reach of their hopes. They believe, too, though with a less vital faith, that Jesus Christ will come again to judge the world and the people with his truth. They believe that when he thus comes his kingdom will be established on the earth, and with it the reign of righteousness and peace.

But they do not believe in a living God; they do not believe in a nineteenth-century God; they do not believe in a present salvation; they do not believe in a God that speaks now to men as he spoke of old to Abraham, to David, to Isaiah, to Paul. They believe in a God who has manifested himself in creation; and in a God who has manifested himself in the Incarnation; but they do not believe in a God who manifests himself day by day in the spiritual experience of those whose hearts are open to receive him. They believe in God the Father and in God the Son, but not in God the Holy Spirit. They believe that God once spake, but not that he yet speaks. Jesus Christ said to his disciples, "I will not leave you orphans." These Ephesian Christians are orphans; they look back into the past and remember a Father who showed himself to men eighteen centuries ago; they look forward into the future and believe in a Father who will show himself to men in the centuries to come; but they have no Father under whose roof they live, by whose counsel they are guided, by whose inspiration they are uplifted day by day. Their religion is a memory and it is a hope, but it is not a life.

Nay, more than that; if a Pauline Christian makes his appearance; if he asks, "Have ye reached the Holy Ghost?" if he declares that these words and promises are true and trustworthy; if he asserts that God is a present God and a present help; if he believes that the pillar of cloud is still in the heavens by day and still luminous by night; if he worships a living God; if he has an assurance of comfort, strength, and wisdom afforded him, as it was afforded to Moses in the wilderness, David in the cave, Jeremiah in the dungeon, and Paul in the prison; if he ventures to bid the Ephesian Christian not to rest on the creed or the dogma of a past age, nor even on the letter of the Bible itself, because the letter killeth and the spirit only maketh alive; if he bids him use the creed only as a witness, and the Bible only as a guide-book, to a living, present, comforting, communicating, talking God—the Ephesian Christian cries out against him as an unbeliever, and ranks him with the infidel.

There are three schools of thought respecting God which may be put roughly in contrast with each other, thus: The first believes that there is no God; the second, that there once was a God; the third, that there is now a God. The first, that there is no revelation; the second, that there once was a revelation; the third, that there is a continuous and unceasing revealing by the living spirit of God to the living spirit of man. The first, that God is unknown; the second, that something may be known of him by the record he has written in nature, in history, and in sacred literature; the third, that he may be known directly, personally, sympathetically, by a life of communion with him. The first, that there is no guidance; the second, that the Bible is the only guide; the third, that the same God who guided the heroes of the Bible is the guide of every child who trusts in him. The first is an infidel, the second is a Jew or a Judaizing Christian, the third believes in the Holy Ghost.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: July 31—A bountiful eye (Prov. xxii., 1–9); August 1—A cheerful giver (2 Cor. ix., 1–7); August 2—Sowing beside all waters (Isa. xxxii., 13–20); August 3—The liberal (Isa. xxxii., 1–8); August 4—Job's testimony (Job xxix., 11–25); August 5—Give and it shall be given unto you (Luke vi., 33–38); August 6—Topic: The blessedness of giving (Acts xx., 35; Luke vi., 33–38).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for July 30, 1893.—Acts xix., 1–12.

[2] These disciples (xix., 13) were not Jews, as Conybeare and Howson suggest, nor disciples of John the Baptist (Baumgarten), nor men so called because they acknowledged the name of Christ (Hackett), but real believers that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of the Old Testament prophecy. That they were Christian disciples is evident from the Greek word here used, which is never employed in the New Testament with any other significance, and also from Paul's definite recognition of them as believers (verse 2).

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The Religious World

The Rev. W. H. Noyes and the American Board

Information has reached us of the decision of the Prudential Committee to appoint the Rev. W. H. Noyes as a missionary of the American Board in Japan. The history of this case is well known. Mr. Noyes was a student in Andover Seminary, and was refused appointment by the Board because he was not able to affirm his disbelief in the theory of probation after death. He did not hold the doctrine as something to be preached, but in a tentative way as a possible solution of a most perplexing problem. After being twice refused by the Prudential Committee he was sent to the mission field by Berkeley Temple Church of Boston, having been previously ordained by council, and his spirituality, consecration, and great success as a missionary led to a unanimous and urgent request from the Japan Mission that he be commissioned by the Prudential Committee. It has been known for a long time that this was a test case, and it is generally understood that in its settlement Dr. Storrs, President of the Board, and Mr. E. W. Blatchford, Vice-President, favored the appointment, while Dr. Alden and Dr. A. C. Thompson were strongly opposed to it. We rejoice at the action of the Prudential Committee. That Committee has it in its power at once to settle the controversy which has so long and so sadly divided this society. If it would cease drawing hard and fast lines concerning who may be missionaries and who may not, and allow a man's honor, common sense, and, most of all, his Christian character to balance some little doctrinal uncertainties, the trouble would disappear. We have already advocated a committee for the purpose of devising a basis of co-operation between the "wings of the Board;" the Prudential Committee might make even that unnecessary. Its last action is much to be commended.

Concerning the American Board

President C. F. Thwing has written an article for the "Congregationalist" concerning the difficulties in the American Board, which is worthy of consideration. It is entitled "Evolution, not Revolution, in the American Board." The thought of the writer is that a victory for either party would be purchased at too dear a cost, and that therefore some other way out of the difficulty ought to be found. He thinks that it would be difficult to make a change in the personnel of the Prudential Committee in the way that some desire, and suggests, first, the enlargement of that Committee. Let it be made to consist of twenty or twenty-five, the enlargement in numbers to be accompanied with a diminution of meetings. He would have new members selected from a distance, and men selected for their competency rather than their partisanship. His second suggestion is, an increase in the number of Secretaries, and he says that such enlargement is demanded not simply for personal and immediate reasons. We are very glad to see this letter from Dr. Thwing. It is exactly in the line of what we have advocated again and again. Our suggestion was the appointment of a committee to devise a basis for co-operation between the now conflicting parties, so that each party might be loyal to its convictions, and yet the work be no longer retarded. It may be that Dr. Thwing has suggested the best plan. We have never advocated a particular plan of co-operation, but we are perfectly sure that such a plan ought to be and can be found if the moderate men on both sides will combine. If, for instance, nine men were chosen who would resolutely face the fact that there is a difficulty which can be met neither by denunciation on one side nor dogmatic assertion on the other—a committee which should resolutely try to find a way out of the difficulty—we have no doubt that they would succeed in a way that would satisfy all but the extremists. The fact is that while one side is declaring that the majority of the constituency is with the present management, the gifts are showing that it is probably with the other side. The conditions will be in no way improved when the liberals are triumphant—as they probably will be in the not distant future. What is needed is such an adjustment of the difficulty as will do full justice to both sides and yet enable both to unite in the common work of foreign missions as they are now uniting without the slightest friction in all other lines of missionary service. For ourselves we frankly say that we can see no reason why this controversy should divide the American Board and not the Home Missionary Society, except that personalities have been allowed to usurp the place of principles. Dr. Thwing's suggestion is in the right direction. Let it be followed up by others, until a conference results between all those of both parties who are more anxious about the work in which they are engaged than a victory for the party of which they are members.

The Epworth League

The Epworth League is the society for young people in the Methodist Episcopal Church which corresponds to the Society of Christian Endeavor in most other churches. It has been in existence about four years, and its first International Convention was held in Cleveland, Ohio, June 29–July 2. The Convention was attended by more than five thousand delegates from abroad, and of course by great crowds from Cleveland and vicinity. The meetings were held in the Epworth Memorial Church, a beautiful building seating about three thousand people when all the rooms are thrown into one. The President of the League is Bishop Fitzgerald; the Secretary, the Rev. Edwin A. Schell; and the editor of "The Epworth Herald," the organ of the League, is Joseph F. Berry, D.D. In all important particulars the Epworth League is simply the adjustment of the Christian Endeavor idea to denominational purposes. Among the notable features of this Convention were the adoption of a "Reading Course" for the members of the League, and also of a badge. The Music Hall was thronged when the League was welcomed to Ohio by Governor McKinley, of that State, who, according to reports, must have made a capital speech. The following extract from his address gives the figures as to the growth of the League: "What phenomenal growth you have made since your organization in this city on the fifteenth of May, 1889! The wildest dreamer could not have prophesied it. You have 11,000 Chapters of the senior League, with a membership of 700,000—some one here tells me, 1,000,000—and 4,000 junior Leagues for the little children." In this Convention were representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Methodist Church of Canada. The President of the League, Bishop Fitzgerald, answered the question, Why have a Methodist Episcopal Church League alone? as follows: "This Church has things it wants to set forth which cannot be set forth unless in a body in which all agree. There are many points in which we do not agree with others, but there are others upon which we are anxious to lay special emphasis. We rejoice in proclaiming free grace to all, and to promulgate the great doctrine of holiness of heart. We can already see the advantage of this. The young people are coming to understand the doctrines of the Church, and to proclaim them in private and in public also. We are building for the future." The Conference sermon was preached by Bishop A. W. Wilson, of the Methodist Church South, and the subjects considered were as follows: "Periodical Literature," "Education by Observation," "My Duty to the Unsaved About Me," "City Evangelization," "My Duty to the Heathen World." Among the speakers we notice the names of Professor W. H. Crawford, of Atlanta, President Raymond, of Wesleyan University, the Rev. L. A. Banks, D.D., of Boston, the Rev. A. J. Palmer, D.D., of New York, and Bishop C. H. Fowler. The reports of the meetings indicate a very inspiring assembly, and yet we cannot feel that Bishop Fitzgerald's reasons for the organization of a denominational League are in harmony with the trend of Christian sentiment throughout the world, or with the general movement of Divine Providence concerning the Christian Church. When other things are pointing toward unity, it is rather late in the day for any one to attempt to justify exclusiveness.

Archbishop and Monsignor

It seems to outsiders as if a rupture between Archbishop Corrigan and Monsignor Satolli was inevitable. The Rev. Dr. Burtsell, before the McGlynn trouble, was pastor of the Church of the Epiphany in New York. Because of his sympathy with Dr. McGlynn he was removed from this church and assigned to a much smaller field at Rondout. Dr.

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Burtsell's parishioners have been loyal to him from the first, and recently forwarded to Monsignor Satolli a petition for his restoration to his church, signed by fifty-one thousand names. The substance of the petition is that Dr. Burtsell is the founder of the church, and for twenty-three years was its honored pastor; that he had done nothing to justify his humiliation, but that, on the other hand, he had been most loyal and successful in his work. The result of the petition was a letter to Archbishop Corrigan from Monsignor Satolli, which was in substance as follows: "It seems wise to us, and it would be proper for you, to restore Dr. Burtsell to the parish of the Epiphany; and if you cannot so arrange matters as to bring about this result, we direct that you place him in some parish within your city limits of equal prominence and importance to the one from which you removed him." It is said that the Archbishop has refused to restore Dr. Burtsell to his church, and that the matter will now be referred to the Propaganda at Rome. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the powers of the Monsignor. The champions of the Archbishop declare that he is being manipulated by a clique in the Church, who do not represent the real spirit of the Roman Church. Dr. Burtsell is perhaps the ablest ecclesiastical controversialist in the Roman Church in the United States, and it is safe to say that the matter will not be dropped until every possible step has been taken for his restoration.

The Church of the Covenant

It is said that the Church of the Covenant, of this city (Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D., pastor), is soon to be sold, and that the church organization is to unite with the Brick Church, of which Dr. Henry van Dyke is pastor, and that Dr. van Dyke and Dr. McIlvaine are together to occupy the pastorate of the united church. The report at first was that the sale had already been consummated; since then that report has been denied. Without doubt, however, we suppose, the plan will be consummated in the near future. Both churches are too far down-town for their own constituency, and one will do the work quite as well as two. The Church of the Covenant has had but three pastors—the Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., the Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., both of whom are now professors in Union Theological Seminary, and the present pastor, Dr. McIlvaine. The united church ought to be one of the strongest in the city. The Brick Church, on Fifth Avenue, is admirably located; Drs. McIlvaine and Van Dyke are intimate personal friends, both are exceptionally strong men, and without doubt will work together so as to make the pastorate of the church even more useful than either one has been in the past.

Professor Drummond

The daily papers have given an interesting, though altogether too short, account of the meetings at Chautauqua and at Northfield. Professor Drummond seems to have been the center of attraction, and, if the reports are correct, in some instances of controversy. There is probably no other man before the public at present in whom Christian people are more interested than in this Scotch Professor. The conspicuous feature of the first week's programme at Chautauqua were his lectures on "The Ascent of Man." One who was present writes: "The lectures on a subject which could so easily have been abstruse and obscure were as easy and pleasant as familiar tales, free from technical terms, extravagant expressions, and all affectation or mannerism of style. Simplicity and earnestness are his most impressive characteristics. His manner, too, is as simple and unaffected as it is dignified and courteous, with always the suggestion of the thoughtful man who desires to avoid attention." The lectures "have been literary expressions of scientific facts and permeated with a spiritual influence." The publications by which Professor Drummond is best known represent but a small part of his writings. He was but thirty years old when he became famous through his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Thirty editions of this book were published in England alone, and it has been translated into French, German, Dutch, and Norwegian. Professor Drummond is not a regularly ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church, but has taken thorough courses in theology and science in the University of Edinburgh and later in the University of Tübingen. To complete his theological studies he went to the Free Church Divinity Hall, and in 1887 was made lecturer at the Free Church College at Glasgow. Wherever he has spoken his audiences have been immense, and the more he is seen and heard, the greater is the enthusiasm over the man and his lectures. More than any man of our time he is showing the masses of our people that there is no real antagonism between the latest results of scientific thought and an intelligent and rational interpretation of Christianity. He is another illustration of the fact that many of the most intensely evangelistic spirits are in the front rank of the "Forward Movement in Theology." Professor Drummond has been in our country so often that he seems almost to belong to this side of the water, but thus far he has resisted all calls to permanent residence among us. But, after all, in these days of swift steamers it makes little difference where a man actually resides, for all progressive thinkers are practically citizens of the world.

A Degree Declined

Among those who were honored with the degree of D.D. during the last Commencement season was the eminent evangelist, the Rev. B. Fay Mills. The degree was conferred by Iowa College, one of the most prominent educational institutions in the interior. The degree has been declined by Mr. Mills in a letter so characteristic of the man that we have received permission from President Gates, to whom it was addressed, to print it in full in these columns. We are inclined to think that Mr. Mills's course is a wise one, and that it would be better for all concerned if degrees had never been conferred on any Christian minister. The letter of Mr. Mills is as follows:

Bethany,
Pawtuxet, R. I., June 26, 1893.

Your kind letter of the 20th, informing me that your Trustees had very graciously conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon me, is at hand. Permit me to express my heartfelt thanks for this great indication of their confidence, and to say that so great is my regard for you and the institution you represent that such an honor could not possibly have come to me more acceptably from any other source. It is with pain, therefore, in the fear that I may seem ungracious, that I ask your kind permission to decline this title. I have a sincere wish to refrain from anything like a critical impulse concerning others, but for myself I cannot but interpret the spirit of the Master's words, "Be not ye called Rabbi, . . . for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," as indicating to me that I ought not to be called by any title of honor that is not owned by all of my faithful brethren in the ministry of Christ. So please let me remain a plain minister of Christ till the end of my pilgrimage.

May I trouble you to see that my desire is known wherever the knowledge of your kind action may have been published?

With the kindest wishes, I remain,

Yours in the Master's service,
(Signed) B. Fay Mills.

The Liquor Traffic in the New Hebrides

We are glad to note that a Committee has been appointed by the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches with reference to international co-operation for suppressing the traffic in liquor and firearms in the New Hebrides Islands. All who have heard the venerable Dr. Paton know his intense desire in this matter. The subject is one in which all Christians and philanthropists should be interested. Nothing should be left undone which will help to secure the co-operation of the United States and American churches in saving those Islands from the terrible evils which threaten to invade them and overthrow the Christianizing influences which have been working there for the last half-century.

Islamism in the United States

Islamism, it seems, is being established in the United States. We remember to have read about two years ago that a Moslem temple had been erected in Liverpool; we now learn that there are four circles of the Moslem brotherhood in America. We have our information from the "Moslem World," printed in New York. To become a Mohammedan it is not necessary to renounce belief in the teachings of Jesus. The Koran explicitly says: "The true religion was taught by Moses, Abraham, Jesus, and all the inspired prophets. Mussulmans "honor and revere the memory of Jesus, believing him to be one of the true prophets." Our "Church-Christianity," as they designate it, is full of "degrading superstition." All that is good in any religious system is, they assert, embodied in Islamism. As an evidence of their broad catholicity and freedom from creeds, they point to their long line of prophets, beginning with Adam and ending with Mahomet. It will be well for all our missionary societies to recog-

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nize this new factor in our religious problem, and for all Christians to remember that Christianity can prove itself better than Islamism only by making better men and better institutions.

The Christian Endeavor Convention

From a Special Correspondent

A visitor to Montreal, who came to the twelfth International Christian Endeavor Convention from the World's Columbian Exposition, was heard to say before the tent on the Champ de Mars that what the Christian Endeavor Convention was to the interdenominational world, that the Exposition was to the material producing world. Those in charge planned things on a gigantic scale, and now that the Convention is over it is generally acknowledged that it has been a grand success. No one expected that the numbers in attendance would be as great as those in New York at the convention of last year. New York State has a greater number of societies by three hundred than any State, territory, or province in the world. In consideration of centrality, the Empire State showed up a delegation at its eleventh Convention which was estimated at 33,000, an increase of 19,000 upon the tenth Convention of the preceding year, held in Minneapolis. Minneapolis had 6,000 more than were at the St. Louis Convention in 1890, 7,500 more than were in attendance at Philadelphia in 1889, and 9,000 more than Chicago had at the Convention of 1888. Montreal this year has 2,500 more than Minneapolis. Judged from the standpoint of delegates in attendance, the Convention was all that could be expected.

There was some doubt expressed, months before the Convention period, about the reception that the Endeavorers would receive in the commercial metropolis of the most Roman Catholic province in the Dominion of Canada. But for the past month or more the kindly articles appearing in the French press and the cordial words that fell from the lips of the Roman Catholic clergy augured favorably for a general welcome. This augury has been more than fulfilled. Civic, domestic, Roman Catholic and Protestant hospitality has been heavily taxed, and now that the Convention is over, even the critically inclined pronounce on all sides, Well done! The Mayor of the city played a conspicuously acceptable part to both the citizens and the delegates in the neat address of welcome that he delivered on the morning of the formal opening. "Every one of you knows," he said, "that I am a Roman Catholic, yet I am here to tell you that the population extend to you the most cordial and sincere welcome. I think we can find ground wide enough upon which we can all walk. You come here and teach us what Christian charity and what union can do. We believe in that ourselves. A fact which I think must have struck you all very forcibly since you have come among us is that we do not allow the chimneys of our industry to extend above the spires of our churches. When you look at the top of the chimneys you will see always a cloud which prevents you from seeing above; but when you look at the spire of the church, that gentle figure looking toward heaven, it is felt that we have something more, that we have another destiny which Providence has provided for us, and so among Christians there is now a general feeling that the old strife must discontinue. The battle is not between creed and creed, but between believers and unbelievers, between those who worship their God and those who regard the earth as the ultimate end of their ambition. I think this great Convention will show that on this continent, where progress, where science, where activity is developed to the utmost degree, we can find men and women by the hundreds of thousands believing that they are not to rest the whole of their ambition on things worldly, but that they must see above and beyond. Well, ladies and gentlemen, in the expression of opinion I have just uttered is the reason to be found why the people of Montreal are so happy to treat you well and to welcome you among them."

If all the citizens of Montreal were possessed of the spirit of their chief official, it would be a difficult matter to create or permit anything that would mar the harmony of a Christian convention. But this city has some peculiar elements within it, which, when stirred by good or mistaken cause, sometimes become unusually difficult to manage. A high-caste Brahmin from Bombay, bearing the name of Sumantrao Vishnu Karmarkar, was one of the speakers on the programme. The substance of his eloquent address was not made known to any friend in the city before it was delivered, else the deleting of certain grating sentences would have been suggested. At any rate, a portion of his speech was taken by the *ὁι βάρβαροι*, who read it in the next day's papers, as reflecting upon the Roman Catholics. The baser sort fanned this flame, and the knowing ones in the city saw that a storm was gathering. Although the Endeavorers knew it not, at the time they were in great danger from a turbulent element in the population. The public force was strengthened, and soldiers, for the time being in civilians' clothes, fell into ranks for the purposes of defense. No violence was shown, although it was seriously threatened. On an after occasion the tent ropes were cut and further threats sounded. In consequence of the ill feeling, a meeting advertised to be held in the great tent, which was one of the two great meeting-places of the Convention (the other being the Drill Hall near by), was not held there, but in the largest Protestant church in the Province. The disturbances brought forth newspaper articles not a few. The Brahmin was roundly blamed for indiscretion, but no one charged his blunders upon the Convention or its management. The ripple was sufficient to indicate what might have been.

The programme of the Convention was arranged to cover the period including the 5th to the 9th of July. The evening of the 5th was devoted to preliminary praise, prayer, and preaching services in five churches, which were all filled. In the same five churches the half-past six o'clock morning prayer-meetings were held each day. These were well attended, and proved to be stimulating preparations for the day's work. The forenoon of the 6th was formal opening time. Addresses of welcome were extended to the Convention by the city pastors, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Montreal Committee, and the Mayor. The responses to these by Dr. Henson, of Chicago, brought the morning service to a close. The two subjects for the afternoon were Junior Society Work and Soul-Winning, while the evening meeting, as far as the speaking was concerned, was given to the President and Secretary of the United Society, who passed from Drill Hall to tent, and *vice versa*, and gave inspiring presentations in the way of a record of the year's work.

The forenoon of the 7th was devoted to the four essentials of an Endeavor Society. During this forenoon the Sunday Evening Service was discussed, a question-box was conducted, and the Bombay visitor delivered the disturbing speech to which reference has already been made. The afternoon of this day was given up to conferences on committee work held in nine different churches and halls, while the closing session of the day brought out treatment upon the main topics, viz., "The Bible in Our Work," "The Age and its Possibilities," "Christian Stewardship," and "Christian Citizenship." The forenoon of the 8th was devoted to missions in the hall and to reports from the previous day's conferences in the tent, the afternoon to denominational rallies, followed in the evening in the Drill Hall by the roll-call and special work and an address on "International Fellowship," and in the tent by a Pastors' Meeting, together with an address on "The Raw Material of a Great Life." Many of the visitors occupied city pulpits on the morning of Sunday, the 9th, and the thousands of delegates swelled the number of worshipers. Sunday afternoon was marked by the most thronged meetings of the Convention season. Hundreds were unable to gain admission either to hall or tent. Gospel Temperance, Reaching the Masses, The Religious Press in Christian Endeavor Work, and Social Purity were dealt with in the former, while in the latter Gospel Temperance, The Relationship between the Society and the Sunday-School, Senior Endeavor, and Foes to Society, Church, and State were dealt with. In the church which was substituted for the tent for the closing evening, the Secretary of the United Society presiding, the Rev. B. Fay Mills preached an impressive sermon, which was followed by an equally impressive consecration service. Simultaneously with this in the Drill Hall, President Clark in the chair, the Rev. T. H. Lewis preached, the sermon being followed by a memorable consecration service, which was concluded with the singing of "God be with you till we meet again" and the Mizpah benediction pronounced in concert.

One sad event marks the Montreal Convention. A member of the Reception Committee had gone to the steamer to meet a number of the visitors, and was escorting them along one of the principal streets, when he suddenly fell upon the pavement and in an instant was dead. He left a wife and a number of children, in whose behalf at one of the Convention meetings a collection amounting to nearly $800 was taken up.

But, generally speaking, the citizens of Montreal were struck with the joy that was manifested by the Convention. The cheer on the occasion of the banner exchange was especially marked. Ontario carried away the banner a year ago for the greatest absolute gain in the number of new societies formed during the year, but this year had to hand it over to Pennsylvania. Manitoba, another Canadian Province, carried away a year ago the banner for showing the greatest proportionate increase in local societies. But New Mexico took the place of Manitoba this year in this honor. Illinois retains the banner for the greatest number of Junior Societies. In the Junior Department the District of Columbia stands first in proportionate increase, and New York first in absolute increase.

Twelve years ago Christian Endeavor had two societies and sixty-eight members. To-day it has nearly 25,000 societies and

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a membership of over 1,500,000. Thirty evangelical denominations are represented in this membership, among which the Presbyterians and Congregationalists stand first with 5,411 and 4,882 societies respectively. The Baptists and Disciples rank third and fourth, each of them having between two and three thousand. To the churches have been added from the Christian Endeavor Societies during the year 158,000 new members.

As early as 1889, when the Convention was held in Philadelphia, plain words were spoken from the platform, and since that time by word of mouth from competent friends, and by articles from the pens of wise writers, in the way of warning against the mistake of judging success in Christian Endeavor by numbers only, and of estimating the benefits of a large assemblage by temporary enthusiasm. Cautionary words spoken or written on this phase of the Endeavor movement are not out of place. But, judging Christian Endeavor by the Convention now closed, and by that which the discerning may gather from its representatives who have spent a few days in this city, there is very much for which the Christian world has reason to praise the Lord. Personalities are not a feature of this presentation from Montreal. But I may, before the closing words are written, allude to the indebtedness of the Society at large to its honored originator, President F. E. Clark, who has been received with open arms and a thousand welcomes from his trip around the world. So long as he and his associates hold Christ in the place He now occupies with them in the work with which their names have become honorably identified, Christian Endeavor is sure to have an increasing number of admirers and advocates. And so long as aspiration runs along the lines of enlargement of Christian citizenship, missionary benevolence, and Christian fellowship, heart and hand belonging to helpers that are, and that are to be, are likely to be employed in further service in the organization of Christian Endeavor.

By understanding arrived at a year ago, the next annual Convention will be held in Cleveland, O., and a decision of Convention week in Montreal has fixed the rally for 1895 in San Francisco on the Pacific.

HAMILTON.

The Press Quarters, Drill Hall, Montreal.

Gleanings

—The inter-State Conference of the Salvation Army will be held at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, July 27–31.

—The Rest Island Convention meets July 16–23 at Rest Island, Minn. Leading temperance speakers from all countries will be present and will speak.

—The University of Omaha has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Horace G. Hinsdale, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, N. J.

—The Rev. Henry A. Adams, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (P. E.), New York City, has abandoned the Episcopal Church and professed the Roman Catholic faith.

—The Rev. Dr. H. B. Ridgaway, President of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., is reported as seriously ill at Kioto, Japan, where he, with Mrs. Ridgaway, arrived on June 3.

—By the will of the late Hiram Camp, of New Haven, Conn., the Northfield Seminary, the Hebrew Christian Association of New York, and several of New Haven's charities and churches, receive liberal bequests.

—The Rev. W. H. Hampton, F.G.S., pastor of the Congregational church, Moravia, N. Y., having passed the required examination in the National University, Chicago, Ill., was admitted to graduation, receiving the degree of D.D. on June 29.

—The Union Congregational Church of Brooklyn has decided to consolidate with the Beecher Memorial Church, of which the Rev. S. B. Halliday is pastor. The Rev. D. Butler Pratt, pastor of the Union Church, will become Mr. Halliday's assistant. Both churches are free of debt.

—The Rev. Albert T. Swing has been appointed Professor of Church History in Oberlin Theological Seminary. Mr. Swing is an alumnus of Oberlin College and Yale Seminary, was for several years a successful pastor, and for the past three years has been devoting himself to the study of Church History in the German universities.

—The Trustees of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, have placed Dr. Edward D. Morris in full charge of the institution, with power to employ instructors to assist him. The Trustees refused to allow Professor Henry Preserved Smith to take an active part in the work of the Seminary pending his trial for heresy, and Professor Smith declined to continue in the Faculty unless his right to teach, although a suspended minister, was recognized.

—The New York Fruit and Flower Mission, 104 East Twentieth Street, is still carried on by the original members and on the plan by which it was established in 1870. Choice fruits, flowers, and sick-room delicacies (and money for them) are desired every Monday and Thursday for careful distribution in hospitals, homes, and through the tenements by city missionaries, etc. Packages under twenty pounds are carried free by the express companies, and baskets are returned if clearly marked. This is the only "New York Fruit and Flower Mission." It has an entirely separate field from any other mission.

—The seventy-seventh annual report of the American Bible Society shows that during the past year the receipts were $578,930.76, and expenditures $560,537.01. The sum of $155,238.32 was appropriated for the foreign department during the present year. In the report record is made of the death of Deacon William G. Brown, of New Hampshire, perhaps the most famous Bible distributer in the world. He died at the age of seventy-six years. He had been engaged in the work of Bible distribution since 1849. During that period he had distributed more than 120,000 copies of the Scriptures. In the two years before his death he canvassed 239 towns, visited 80,138 families, and distributed 17,485 copies of the Bible.

—A friend deeply interested in the work of the Salvation Army sends to the New York "Tribune" these figures regarding the number of persons assisted and the amount of money raised by the Army in London: "In the three London workshops, or 'elevators,' as they are called, 5,319 persons have been received, of whom 1,040 have been placed in situations, and 737 have been transferred to the farm colony, while 2,373 were temporarily assisted. At the Labor Exchange 23,535 men have applied for employment, and 1,725 employers have sought men. Temporary employment has been obtained for 12,973 men, and permanent for 1,658 more. On Thursday an extension of the Embankment Shelter in Blackfriars Road was opened. The additional accommodation enables 1,000 men to sleep in the Shelter. The charges are a penny, twopence, and threepence respectively. General Booth explained that a baronet and ex-M.P., who was not a Salvationist or even a religious man, had contributed £1,637 towards the extension which had been effected; and only £350 remained to be raised. Adverting to the 'Darkest England' scheme, he said when he propounded it on paper he pronounced it good, but in practice it had proved far better than he had expected."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—W. E. Smedley, of the First Church of Wareham, Mass., declines a call from Trinity Church of Neponset.

—A. F. Skeele, of Chicago, Ill., accepts a call to Wellington, O.

—Arthur Farmworth was ordained and installed as pastor of the Second Church of Norfolk, Neb., on June 29.

—L. B. Goodrich was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Bound Brook, N. J., on June 29.

—W. V. W. Davis, of the Union Church of Worcester, Mass., has resigned.

—N. P. Blakeslee, of Port Byron, Ill., accepts a call to the North Side Church of Milwaukee, Wis.

—F. J. Grimes, of Hudson, N. Y., accepts a call to Glover, Vt.

—F. G. Wilcox, of Chicago, Ill., accepts a call to Mason City, Iowa.

—H. N. Kinney, of Winsted, Conn., has received a call to the Good Will Church of Syracuse, N. Y.

—Oliver Huckell, of the Union Church of Weymouth and Braintree, Mass., has resigned.

—G. W. Lawrence, of Bennington, N. H., has resigned.

—Thomas Sims, D.D., late associate pastor of Bond Street Church of Toronto, Canada, accepts a call to the sole pastorate for one year.

—J. S. Curtis was ordained and installed as pastor of the Church in Lebanon Center, Me., on July 3.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Frank Ballard, of Austin, Texas, accepts his call from the Memorial Church of Indianapolis, Ind.

—M. A. Brownson, of Detroit, Mich., has received a call from the First Church of Pittsburg, Pa.

—J. P. Leyenberger was installed as pastor of the churches of Island Creek and Pleasant Hill, O., on June 23.

—W. W. Irwin, of St. Louis, Mo., accepts a call to West Bay City, Mich.

EPISCOPAL

—Horace F. Fuller, of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has been elected rector of Christ Church, Bordentown, N. J.

—T. F. Taunt, of St. Paul's Church, Doylestown, Pa., has resigned.

—J. P. Hawkes, of St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia, Pa., has become rector of St. Luke's Church, Lebanon.

—H. Morison Clarke resigns his position of missionary at Littleton, Colo., to accept a call to Zion Church, Fulton, N. Y.

—L. A. Lanpher has become assistant minister at the Church of the Ascension, Philadelphia, Pa.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. F. Bushe, pastor of the German Evangelical Reformed Church of this city for more than forty years, died on July 10, at the age of seventy-five.

—Walter Calley, of the Charles River Baptist Church of Cambridge, Mass., has received a call from the Stoughton Street Church of Boston.

—F. D. Penney, of Auburn, N. Y., accepts a call from the Baptist church in Adams, Mass.

—John Leyburn, of the Associate Reformed Church, died in Waynesboro', Va., on July 13, at the age of seventy-six.

—J. C. Sanport, a well-known Lutheran minister, died in Evansville, Ind., on July 6, at the age of seventy-one.

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Books and Authors

Siegfried's The Book of Job[1]

Some time ago announcement was made of a new translation of the Bible, to appear simultaneously in English and German, under the editorial supervision of Professor Paul Haupt, of the Johns Hopkins University. The work was put into the hands of a number of the foremost Biblical scholars of Germany, England, and America, each taking charge of a single book. A new critical edition of the Hebrew text, to be the exact counterpart of the translation, and prepared by the same scholars, was also announced. The most complete statement of the general plan is that given in the Johns Hopkins University Circulars, No. 98 (May, 1892). The present volume, the Book of Job, by Professor Siegfried, is the first installment of the new edition of the Hebrew text. A glance into it shows better than any prospectus the extent of the task which this edition proposes for itself, and the thoroughness with which it is being carried out. Instead of the received Hebrew text, Professor Siegfried gives his own reconstruction, based on all the critical material that scholarship has collected. Such alterations, eliminations, and transpositions as we have been accustomed to see suggested are here carried out; portions not supposed to belong to the original poem are distinguished from it; in short, the editor has introduced into the text itself all the changes that he would advocate if he were writing a commentary on the book. When one remembers that our Masoretic text simply reproduces a single very imperfect MS. of about the beginning of the Christian era, and that we are not without witnesses to older, and often better, forms of the Hebrew text; and, further, that in a large number of passages in all parts of the Old Testament, Biblical scholars are practically unanimous as to the emendations that internal evidence shows to be necessary, such an attempt as this to make a truly critical edition seems justified, to say the least. Similar attempts have been previously made in the case of one or two single books only. Of these, Job is one. Merx's "Hiob," published in 1871, aimed at a thorough reconstruction of the text, and yielded excellent results, though proceeding sometimes too arbitrarily. The Hebrew of Job is so difficult, and the text often so corrupt, that it affords an unusually good field for work of this kind.

In the present edition, as just stated, all emendations adopted by the editor appear, not in notes, but in the text itself. The departures from the received text are plainly indicated by diacritical marks of such a nature that one sees at a glance whether the emendation is adopted on the authority of the ancient versions, or from simple conjecture, or whether it is one that involves no change in the consonant text, but only in the pointing or division of the words. Hopelessly corrupt passages are indicated by a succession of dots (the Masoretic text in all such cases appearing in the notes), and there are still other distinguishing marks. The resulting product is intelligible Hebrew and a text that is defensible from the critical point of view. Of course, exception will be taken to some of the proposed alterations. It not infrequently happens that the best Biblical critics disagree concerning the reconstruction of a troublesome passage. In such cases the editor has simply to follow his own judgment. As the editor-in-chief has said in his announcement, it is vain to expect to reach the final solution of all difficulties at once; but, in the meantime, the probably right is preferable to the undoubtedly wrong. Of Professor Siegfried's own emendations it may be said that they are comparatively few, and always well considered. The great bulk of the changes made, in text-readings as well as in the critical analysis, are in accordance with conclusions for some time past generally assented to by the most competent scholars. Especially frequent use is made of Merx's book.

The Hebrew is left unpointed, except in ambiguous cases. This has obvious advantages, both for the exegesis and also for purposes of instruction in the language. The poem is printed in double columns, divided into paragraphs as the sense requires. It often happens that the traditional order is abandoned; for example, in chapter xxvi., the order of verses is 5–14, 1–4. To obviate any inconvenience from these changes, a concordance has been appended. Passages which are regarded as later glosses or interpolations do not appear in the text, but in foot-notes. The device employed to distinguish the different strata of the poem from each other is the following. Three colors are used. *Blue* designates passages which are merely supplementary additions; *red*, corrective interpolations conforming the speeches of Job to the spirit of the orthodox doctrine of retribution; and *green*, polemical interpolations designed to counteract the tendency of the whole poem. The most striking example of this last class of passages is, of course, furnished by the Elihu speeches, which are given a place by themselves at the end of the Hebrew text. The parts that constituted the original poem are printed without special distinguishing marks. The mechanical method of applying these colors is very satisfactory. The type itself is in all cases black, and the required tints are laid on over it in blocks, a single block to each line of the text. The colors are perfectly transparent, and yet so decided as readily to be distinguished by artificial light. A more thoroughly successful device would be hard to imagine. The typographical work is especially well done throughout the Hebrew part of the book.

The Critical Notes, occupying twenty-one pages, are in a place by themselves. These give full explanation of the changes made in the Hebrew text, with all needed references to the ancient versions and to the work of modern scholars. Exposition of the critical theory, questions of composition and arrangement, and so on, are not touched upon here, but are to appear in connection with the translation. Professor Brünnow, of the University of Heidelberg, has made a very satisfactory English translation of these notes. The Hebrew type used in this part of the book is too indistinct to be satisfactory. One misses, moreover, the numbers indicating chapter and verse, which would often be a convenience. The citation of the text is according to the pages and lines of this edition. It is likely that both of these defects will be remedied in subsequent numbers. The list of *errata* (p. 50) seems unnecessarily long.

Taking this first number as a specimen of the whole, and with the additional guarantee afforded by the list of names of eminent scholars who are the remaining contributors, it is safe to say that this edition will be a work of the very first importance, and indispensable to all students of the Hebrew Old Testament.

[1] *The Book of Job.* Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text, with Notes, by C. Siegfried, Professor in the University of Jena. J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung, Leipzig; The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

Oliver Cromwell[1]

Dr. George H. Clark's unusually fresh and vigorous piece of biography, "Oliver Cromwell," received brief notice in these columns several weeks ago, but deserves more extended review. It is written with a simplicity, directness, and lack of literary conventionality which constitutes no small part of its charm. Dr. Clark is at all times unaffected and devoid of the stiffness which sometimes appears to be a part of the art of biographical writing. He has drawn the portrait of Cromwell with a sure and vigorous hand, and drawn it in a way which conveys a very distinct impression of the veracity of his work. No man in history has suffered more from misrepresentation and persistent misunderstanding than Cromwell. Until within the memory of men now living, Cromwell has not received anything approaching recognition. He had been vilified and traduced steadily for two centuries, until it almost seemed impossible that he should not be the canting hypocrite and dissembling self-seeker which the English Royalist writers had so long held up for public condemnation. During the Restoration no one dared to publish a history of the Protectorate, or to speak a word in praise of the great Protector, whose death alone opened

[1] *Oliver Cromwell.* By George H. Clark, D.D. D. Lothrop Company, Boston

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the door to Charles II. The current of vituperation and misrepresentation set so strongly that no one dared to resist it, and the men who might have told the story of Cromwell as it ought to have been told, from personal knowledge of the facts, passed away and left the Royalist tradition in possession of the field. For two hundred years the defamatory and declamatory writers had their own way, and when Carlyle took up the work of cleansing the picture of Cromwell, even he was startled to find what noble lineaments were concealed behind the false portrait with which the real picture had been overlaid. Cromwell's work, as Dr. Clark says, was not whitewashing, but simply cleaning. It was like the work of the restorers of old walls on which, behind centuries of dirt, beautiful frescoes have sometimes been found. Carlyle restored to England a hero and a ruler whose character and achievements had been almost lost, and brought to light perhaps the most vigorous man that has ever ruled Great Britain, and one of the greatest natures which she has ever produced. It was a great virtue of Carlyle's work that it was in no sense the work of an advocate, but that it made Cromwell tell his own story largely from his letters and speeches. The work was so thoroughly done that in an instant the entire Royalist tradition crumbled, and nothing is now left of it that merits the attention of candid men.

Dr. Clark has freely used the materials which Carlyle collected, but he has used other material, and he has done what Carlyle did not do, given a succinct and consecutive account of the growth, the experience, and the service of the Protector. He writes with warm but not uncritical admiration, and he writes also from a very thorough mastery of all the material upon which such a book should be based. It is a charm of this biography that there is not a perfunctory line in it. It is entirely devoid of literary pretension of any sort, the transparent aim of the biographer being to set his hero forth in the light of his own achievements and the beauty of his own words, and to stand out of the way himself. For conciseness, clearness, freshness, and generous appreciation, based on sound historical judgment, this account of Cromwell has not been surpassed.

Novels and Tales

Among recent volumes of fiction there is nothing which approaches in freshness, virility, and picturesque quality the best stories in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Many Inventions*. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) There is, it is true, a good deal of unevenness in the stories of this volume, some of them taking their place with the very best work that Mr. Kipling has ever done, and others falling distinctly below that high mark. The best stories disclose a power which is unique among contemporary story-tellers—the artistic power of getting at the heart of a character or an incident and putting its meaning into a few clear, swift, effective sentences. "My Lord the Elephant," which is a Mulvaney story, is, in point of picturesque and vivid description and delightful humor, one of the best things that Mr. Kipling has ever given us, and one of the most brilliant short stories in our language. Such artistic power as Mr. Kipling's is rare at all times, and is especially rare at a time when, by reason of the hold of the novel upon public interest and taste, it is particularly effective and valuable. So far Mr. Kipling has shown no evidence of a deterioration of his skill, and, although he has written much, and at times below his best level, he has shown no desire to make merchandise of his talent. If he can hold the artistic quality which he has, add to it a deeper experience, a broader knowledge of life, wider sympathies, and a touch of sweetness and reverence which he sometimes lacks, the future has great work in store for him and for us.

Mr. A. Conan Doyle has never done better work—not even in that admirable historical novel "Micah Clarke"—than in that part of his new story, *The Refugees*, which deals with the Court of Louis the Great. The pictures he gives us of Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon, and other brilliant figures of that brilliant time, are more than outline sketches; they are finished, consistent, and convincing portraits. The story, too, in this period of its development, moves with spirit and rapid action, and is thoroughly satisfying. When, however, Mr. Doyle transfers his characters to America and plunges them into the heart of the backwoods, he is not, it seems to us, by any means so successful. What he has attempted here has been so much better done by Mrs. Catherwood and other writers on this side of the Atlantic that the reader insensibly becomes sure that Mr. Doyle is dealing with a subject of which he has only an indistinct and incomplete knowledge. "Micah Clarke" still, to our taste, remains Mr. Doyle's best story, although "The Refugees" at times may reach a higher plane. To those readers who know Mr. Doyle only from his clever and ingenious detective stories, it should be said that both the books mentioned here are on a vastly higher literary level. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The writer who, under the name of Maxwell Gray, excited so genuine an interest among readers of fiction by her novel "The Crime of Dean Maitland," has in her new book, *The Last Sentence*, found a decidedly original situation, to which all of the early part of the book (which part in plot strikes one as commonplace) leads up. This situation is that of a distinguished judge who, by a combination of strange circumstances, is forced, while sitting on the bench, to pass sentence of death upon his own child, an innocent girl from whom he has been separated by a remarkable chain of events, and against whom there exists a very strong body of circumstantial evidence. The author handles this curious problem with great skill and dramatic force, although one is inclined to doubt the possibility of an innocent woman remaining silent under sentence of death, when a single word would have cleared her from suspicion, merely because her husband did not wish their marriage to become known to his relatives. From the purely literary point of view the book is hardly the equal of its predecessor; it contains too many long descriptions, and occasionally a rhapsody over external nature interrupts disagreeably the flow of the story. (Tait, Sons & Co., New York.)

We have heard so much lately of the genius of the author of "The Heavenly Twins," a book which the present reviewer does not happen to have seen, that the story entitled *Singularly Deluded*, by the same author, is taken up with special anticipations. Perhaps it is for this reason the more disappointing; we find it commonplace in method and sensational in substance. The story is entirely occupied with the adventures of a wife who thinks she is following her husband all around the world, whereas, in fact, the man whom she has mistaken for him is a total stranger. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Equally sensational and equally disappointing is Mr. D. Christie Murray's *A Wasted Crime*, which is quite inferior to his previous story of which we recently spoke, *Time's Revenge*. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Our readers may remember a strong story of soldier life printed in The Outlook not long ago, and written by Mr. George I. Putnam. Mr. Putnam has come into view as a writer of fiction very recently, and has been decidedly successful in his sketches of army life. He now gives us a short novel called *In Blue Uniform*. In character it somewhat resembles the well-known stories by Captain King, but it seems to us to have decidedly a warmer sympathy with the life of the common soldier and also to show a stronger dramatic instinct on the part of the author. On the other hand, Mr. Putnam does not seem to us quite as successful as is Captain King in depicting the brighter side of garrison life. The tragedy at the close of this novel is powerfully brought out, and one leaves the book with the feeling that there is much in the relation between the private and the officer which might be changed to mutual advantage. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Whatever may be thought of the serious value of Ibsen's work, it cannot be denied by his warmest admirers that in many ways he presents a most attractive subject to the caricaturist. Mr. Guthrie (F. Anstey) has seized upon this opportunity with glee. In *Punch's Pocket Ibsen* he fairly revels in parody and burlesque. The pictures add greatly to the fun of the performance. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Among boys' books of recent date we have noticed nothing that will meet with the approval of the boys themselves more certainly than Mr. Kirk Munroe's *Raft-Mates*. Mr. Munroe always understands his subject, which is more than can be said of all writers of boys' books. In this story, for instance, one feels sure that what is told about rafts and Mississippi steamboats is absolutely true to life. The adverse criticism which must be made on the story is that it crowds in altogether too many adventures in too short a space. Mr. Munroe is rather given to this fault. He might find a good lesson in Mr. William Black's *Adventures in Thule*, which contains three capital stories for boys, with just the right mixture of adventure and character portrayal. Both books are from Harper & Brothers, New York.

Speaking of Mr. Black reminds us to mention that the volumes of the new edition of his novels are still coming from the press. *Yolande* and *Judith Shakespeare* are the latest to reach us. The former is one of Black's best stories. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

In the extremely pretty series of small books issued under the

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general title "Stories from Scribner" an important place is taken by a volume called *Stories of the South*. This contains tales by Thomas Nelson Page, Harrison Robertson, Joel Chandler Harris, and Rebecca Harding Davis, and in this particular case we are inclined to think that the palm of merit is carried off by Mrs. Davis, whose "Tirar y Soult" is certainly one of the finest stories of the South in existence. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170. By W. M. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen, etc. With Maps and Illustrations. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) The subject of this volume is one about which, as every one knows, many books have been written. Consequently the first important matter with reference to its value is to discover the author's point of view. This it is: That the political notions introduced into the Roman mind by Tiberius Gracchus developed into the idea of a universal world-empire of Rome; that the only social bond understood by the ancient world, and believed to be an adequate means of political unity, was religion. The Roman State, therefore, set itself to construct a religion which should be comprehensive enough for its extent of territory and for the several races included within its boundaries. The resultant religion was the worship of the genius of the emperor. This at no time could be taken seriously as a faith. It was only a State ceremony. Meanwhile another religion was spreading, and it had all those elements of universality that the State religion of Rome lacked. Against this religion—the Christian—there was no law on the statute-books of Rome. Yet very early it came into collision with the Roman officials. Why? Simply because it recognized a power higher than Cæsar, because its code of worship was hostile to large commercial interests, and because its highly differentiated organization was regarded by the Roman rulers as an *imperium in imperio*. Consequently, not by statute, but as a matter of policy, the Christians were held to be enemies of the State, and to be treated accordingly. From the 190th page Professor Ramsay develops this theory, reconciling with it the letters of Pliny and the accounts of Tacitus and Suetonius; interpreting by this new light the New Testament references to the attitude of Rome toward the early Church. The result of this method is some fresh and curious exegesis of the Acts and the Epistles. This part of the book was originally given in the Mansfield College Lectures. The earlier part of the book relates to the journeyings of St. Paul. The author believes that originally there was a "Travel-Document" which is the basis of all accounts of Paul's travels. More important and valuable than this theory, however ingenious and plausible it be, is the topographical knowledge of the writer, which he has acquired by a careful exploration and investigation of the whole field of the Pauline missionary labors. This part of Professor Ramsay's book also will prove serviceable to the exposition of many passages in the New Testament. The work as a whole is solid, at times tediously so, but will always repay the student for his trouble in reading it. There are many small but important and exceedingly interesting points of learning continually occurring throughout these pages, which no review like this has room to touch; they give what is to us the greatest and most lasting value to the work. There is a fairly good index, and the maps, we believe, are exceptionally valuable; at any rate, they are well executed.

Thomas Jay Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena: A Working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, etc.*, is a serious, timely, and important work. It deserves, and it will receive, much attention. The three principles laid down by Mr. Hudson are: 1, "Man has two minds;" 2, "The subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion;" 3, "The subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning." There are exceptions to these rules, and he freely points them out; and there are applications of the principle of suggestion to the Gospel narrative which will irritate some readers, but, generally speaking, the book will claim the assent of all reasonable people. The Christian Scientists will not like it, because it demonstrates, better than any scientific work we have seen, the baselessness of their theories. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Dr. Daniel G. Brinton has, in his last book, dropped out ot ethnology, out of science, into *The Pursuit of Happiness*, wherein he philosophizes under the influence of Epictetus and La Rochefoucauld; and we incline to exclaim, as we turn over these pages, "What an amiable old pagan! After all, how delightful if we could have him to dine!" "He who is haunted by the dread of dying makes himself miserable for fear he cannot make himself miserable longer." "The religious sect that condemns reason condemns itself; and the latter sentence is the only one which will be executed." There is much more of the moral philosophy of the Philadelphia school, originated by that genial old worldling Ben Franklin; but we think it, with all its shrewdness, a poor substitute for the Sermon on the Mount, to which it is in direct opposition. (David Mackay, Philadelphia.)

The dogma of what calls itself "Christian Science," although it is not Christian and not science, is that pain and sorrow are but human delusions, and that, could we free ourselves from the error that they have any real existence, they would simply cease. The pantheistic notion upon which this is founded has again and again been confuted. The mystery of pain has received a clear and true exposition, yet men cling to the delusion in spite of facts and personal experience. Dr. Alfred T. Schofield has given us a useful little refutation of all this in his *Study of Faith-Healing*. He demonstrates the utter fallacy of the theory, and explains the extent of the influence of the mind over the body. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Rev. W. F. Faber has seized theology by the right end when he teaches all doctrine in its ethical bearing. This must be understood in construing the title of his book, *Nobiscum Deus, The Gospel of the Incarnation* (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York). Mr. Faber has a pleasant literary form, a wealth of interesting allusions, and a fresh way of stating old and familiar ideas. He inclines to follow the course of the ecclesiastical year in his choice of subjects for sermons, but in other ways Mr. Faber is not aggressive in any of the phases of his teaching.

The First Millennial Faith: The Church Faith in its First One Thousand Years, by the author of "Not on Calvary" (Saalfield & Fitch, New York), is a small book by some Rip Van Winkle in theology, who has suddenly become the sole discoverer of a truth which intelligent and well-read men have always been perfectly aware of, from the days of Athenagoras down. It is, however, possible that books like these penetrate to regions mental and territorial where stronger and more thorough works would never gain entrance.

Literary Notes

—Dr. Gladden's book, "Tools and the Man," has already reached the third edition.

—Mr. F. Marion Crawford is quoted as saying, "I write novels because it pays me to do so." Literature, he declares, tires him, and it is only pleasant in that it gives him a good living.

—The London "Athenæum" says: "The trial of A. H. Smith, the forger of the spurious manuscripts which caused so much stir in Scotland, has resulted in his being sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment."

—The manuscript of Scott's biography of Swift was sold in London a few weeks ago for $1,150. It contains nearly 570 pages in large quarto, bound in Russia leather, and has the arms of Constable on the side.

—Pierre Loti is about to make a journey to the East. In November he expects to leave Cairo with a caravan of Egyptians and Arabs, and, following the desert, will reach Jerusalem in time to spend Christmas there.

—The Colorado Summer School, the initial session of which was held last year at Colorado Springs, promises to be a permanent enterprise, and the second session is now being held in the charming town at the foot of Pike's Peak. Among the lecturers expected to be present this year are President Andrews, of Brown University; Professor R. T. Ely; Professor E. W. Bemis; Dr. Rolfe, the Shakespearean scholar; Miss Katherine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College; Miss Coman, of the same College; Professor Dodd, of Amherst; Professor Baur, of Chicago University, and many other well-known teachers and writers. Colorado offers almost unequaled resources for a summer school. Its climate and its scenery contribute to the success of such a school almost as much as the most eminent teachers.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Seely, Howard. A Border Leander.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Howells, W. D. The World of Chance. 60 cts.

Janvier, Thomas A. The Aztec Treasure-House. 75 cts.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Sturgis, Julian. Count Julian. $1.

D. LOTHROP CO., BOSTON

Cowan, Rev. J. F. Endeavor Doin's Down to the Corners. $1.50.

F. T. NEELY, CHICAGO

Greene, Nanci Lewis. Nance.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Geddes, Patrick. Chapters in Modern Botany. $1.25.

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI

Errett, Isaac. Linsey-Woolsey and Other Addresses. $1.50.

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Correspondence

"The Habits of Centenarians"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You lately gave some facts on this subject collected by Sir George Humphrey whilst investigating the causes and circumstances of longevity. "Almost invariably," it was said, centenarians were "lean people" and of "great moderation in eating and drinking." Old Cornaro, for instance (fifteenth century), ate just twelve ounces a day and drank fourteen ounces of wine, and wrote books urging all who wanted to be an hundred to "follow his example." How apt these old fellows are to drone of their own pet habits, as if they were really "causes"—they may be circumstances —of longevity!

Now, is there not a bit of humbug about this? It is like Charles Lamb's explanation of the melancholy of tailors, to wit, sedentary habits and something peculiar in their diet, the peculiarity being cabbage! It leaves out of view entirely the multitude the world over who have been "lean people," have lived simply, and yet have *not* reached the hundred nor anything like it—there the theory breaks down; and, especially, it leaves out that important factor, constitution. In New Haven lives a venerable matron who, at one hundred and two, eats what she pleases and plenty of it. She has the constitution to do so, and her original stock of vitality has not yet exhausted itself. The oldest living graduate of Yale was ninety last March. He lives by rule on fruits and simples. His only surviving classmate, Dr. Edward Beecher, will be ninety the eighteenth of August. Owing to an accident, three or four years since his leg had to be amputated. Without his constitution, and despite his own rules of living by which to encourage longevity, how would the other brother have fared? I have known a deaf old man of ninety to be tossed into the bushes by a railroad engine, and yet to walk home (four miles), and live to be ninety-four! A constitution, that, worth having—better for purposes of longevity than any dietetics! Some years ago the President of the French Academy began his annual address by saying: "Young gentlemen, the science of medicine does not exist." Why so? Because each man has his individuality and constitution which scientific and approved remedies might not fit. One man cannot eat strawberries; another can, and should be very thankful. It is the same with things mental and moral. I once gave a skeptic an infidel book to read (I am a minister). And why? Because I knew his cast of mind—inquisitive, analytical, and critical—and that, by allowing him first to discover the weakness, the crudities, and the insufficiency of infidelity, he would better appreciate Christianity. We must diagnose constitutions, and not settle down upon hobbies.

A READER.

About People

—Queen Victoria is said to know the names of all her household servants, although there are over one hundred and twenty-five of them.

—Ella G. Nash, a graduate of the Boston College of Pharmacy, has passed the Board of Examination and been awarded a druggist's certificate.

—The Empress of Japan is an adept performer on the koto, a kind of large zither. It is an instrument which is much played and very popular in Japan.

—Charles R. Drake, a prominent man of Tucson, Ariz., who has been in San Francisco recently, claims to be a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake, the discoverer. Mr. Drake does not follow the profession of his ancestor, but has the less exciting calling of United States Land Commissioner for Arizona.

—Mrs. Abigail Smith is ninety-four years old and lives at Patchogue, L. I. She has a remarkable memory, reads without spectacles, and considers herself quite young and frisky. A few days ago she fell and broke her leg, which caused her to remark sadly, "Well, I suppose now that I shall be a cripple for life."

—Of all titles given to Mr. Gladstone during his long career, says the Dundee "Times," that of a Glasgow school-boy deserves recording. At a recent examination in the school the inspector asked who was the patron saint of Ireland, and received the unexpected answer: "Mr. Gladstone."

—The Congress of Authors in Chicago had very few good speakers, and of these the best, according to a local journal, was Miss Kate Field, who is really not so much of an author as an orator. As a rule, it has been remarked, those members of the Congress who mounted the platform at the Art Palace to enlighten their auditors on literary subjects either had inadequate voices or their defects of articulation were so noticeable that the effect of a good voice was nullified.

—The Trustees of the Ohio Wesleyan University have strengthened its teaching force by the addition of two thoroughly equipped young men to the Faculty. Professor W. G. Hormell, who has taken his graduate work at Harvard University, has been elected to the chair of Physics; and the Rev. R. T. Stevenson, A.M., B.D., Ph.D., who has taken his advanced work at the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Boston University, and in Europe, has been elected to the chair of History.

—Sir George Tryon is the fourth British Admiral who has lost his life by shipwreck or disaster unconnected with warfare since the beginning of the last century. In October, 1707, Sir Cloudesley Shovel shared the fate of the crew of the Association; and on August 29, 1782, Admiral Kempenfeldt was drowned by the "heeling over" of the Royal George. When the St. George, the Defence, and the Hero were wrecked on the coast of Jutland in 1811, Admiral Reynolds and 2,000 sailors perished.

—Associate Professor C. K. Jenness, of Leland Stanford University, whose specialty is sociology, has been, the newspapers say, studying the ways of tramps by close contact with them. He dressed as a tramp and joined them in their haunts, but was immediately found out by the members of the "profession," as San Francisco papers intimate. Professor Jenness's tramp studies are connected with a general investigation he is making of San Francisco charities.

—James McMullen, who died recently in Bardwell, Ky., at the reported age of one hundred and sixteen years, was thought to be the oldest man in the United States. He was born in Virginia only about three months after the Declaration of Independence, and was twenty-three years old when Washington died. He said that he remembered Washington well. He moved to Tennessee about the year 1800; while there he met Davy Crockett, and it was one of his proudest memories that he hunted with the great backwoodsman five years.

Bits of Fun

First Actor (in tragic whisper)—Are we quite alone? Second Actor (glancing grimly at the small audience)—Almost.—*New York Weekly.*

The hammock doesn't look unlike a fishing-net. Hence its suitability, in a way, for a nice perch and an occasional flounder.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Bentley—I wonder where the editor of that society paper gets all his points. Gentley—I believe he has a daughter who works in the telephone exchange.—*Puck.*

She (in Wagner car)—How smoothly and silently these cars move along! He—Yes. Isn't it queer that a man who can make such quiet cars as these should write such noisy music?—*New York Weekly.*

At a restaurant, a gentleman called for "one orthographical error." "We—we don't serve 'em, sir," said the waiter. "Then why do you have them on the bill of fare?" asked the patron.—*Youth's Companion.*

The influence of the scientific spirit is felt in all departments of modern literature. A traveler in the tropics waxes enthusiastic over the suddenness and violence of a shower which overtook him and his companions. "The raindrops," he says, "were of marvelous bigness, varying in size from a dime to fifteen cents."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Dignity of His Position.—"Aren't you in the grave-robbing business?" asked the lawyer. "My profession, sir," responded the witness, with dignity, "is that of exhumatorial artist."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Wool—After starving for twenty years, old Potts conceived an idea which resulted in making his fortnne. Van Pelt—What was it? Wool—Changed the sign over his shop from "Junk" to "Antiques."—*Truth.*

Domestic Mishap.—Wife—What on earth have you done with the baby? Husband—Done? Nothing. Wife (afterprolonged search) —You dreadful man! you have thrown the Sunday paper over our darling child, and it will take an hour to dig him out!—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

The recent scarcity of gold in the United States Treasury has naturally led to much discussion of monetary questions. "Now," said one disputant, "supposing I borrowed five dollars from you; that would represent capital, wouldn't it?" "Yes." "But supposing after a while you wanted to get it back—" "That would represent labor."—*Life.*

"The other day I was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve, the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'That is the first robin,' said he, 'that I have heard this spring.'"—*Unknown Exchange.*

58 More Biscuit

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All over my body and swelling of my limbs have caused me great suffering. I could not stoop over without intense pain in my head. My health was **all broken down,** and in the spring I was completely worn out and ate hardly enough to keep me alive. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla with very gratifying results. The swelling has subsided, the shooting pains are gone, I have **a good appetite,** and feel much stronger and better in every way. I cannot

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praise Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly."—Mrs. A. G. OMAN, 34 Newman Street, South Boston, Mass.

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HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache, and Constipation.

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

Seashore Resorts of New England

Printed information concerning any of the following points, which are mentioned to aid those who are planning to spend the coming weeks at the seashore, and full information as to reaching any of these points, will be furnished by the Recreation Department. If you are looking for a place to spend your summer vacation, state the price of board you wish to pay and the places you wish to know about. The circulars of the hotels or boarding-houses at these points, or any others whose prices are about what you wish to pay, will be sent without charge, on request, by the Recreation Department:

RHODE ISLAND

Newport. Narragansett Pier.

MASSACHUSETTS

Martha's Vineyard. Cohasset.
Nantucket. Nantasket Beach.
Block Island. Nahant.
Chatham. Swampscott.
Provincetown. Marblehead.
Buzzard's Bay. Manchester-by-the-Sea.
Plymouth. Gloucester.
Scituate.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Rye Beach. Isles of Shoals.
Hampton. Newcastle.

MAINE

York Harbor. Portland.
York Beach. Casco Bay Islands.
York Cliffs. Rockland.
Kittery Point. Castine.
Kennebunkport. Camden.
Old Orchard. Mt. Desert.
Cape Elizabeth.

Don't hesitate to write for what you want. The Recreation Department is for the full and free use of all Outlook readers.

The Right Road to Boston

The tourist on the lookout for the picturesque and wonderful cannot afford to leave out of his programme a trip over the Fitchburg Railroad. Leaving Albany via Troy, this route winds in and out among the Berkshire Hills, of wonderful beauty; passes collegiate Williamstown, and in sight of the majestic Greylock Mountain; then comes a plunge through the solid rock by means of the far-famed Hoosac Tunnel, the longest railroad bore in America, nearly five miles, lighted all the way by electricity, and forming a novelty in railroad travel not experienced elsewhere on the continent. In good time and in perfect safety the valley of the Connecticut is reached, its fertile farms laughing in the summer sunshine. From Greenfield eastward the way is through many busy, thriving towns, growing thicker and thicker as Boston is approached. Places of historic interest crowd upon the view—Concord, Cambridge, Charlestown, and at last the Hub.—*The New Albany.*

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"Sights and Scenes in Colorado;"
"Sights and Scenes in Idaho and Montana"
"Sights and Scenes in Utah;"
"Sights and Scenes in California;"
"Sights and Scenes in Oregon and Washington;"
"Sights and Scenes in Alaska"?

This is a set of six books, beautifully illustrated, full of story and legend as well as valuable information for the tourist, published by the Passenger Department of the Union Pacific System. Sent free on application and the receipt of 2c. for each book to cover postage. E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., U. P. System, Omaha, Neb.

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RESORTS

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CASCADE CAÑON, Colorado
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In the Pine, Balsam Fir, and Spruce Region.
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open July 1st, 1893. Send for illustrated circular as to rates for hotels and cottages to Harry Watcham, Manager.

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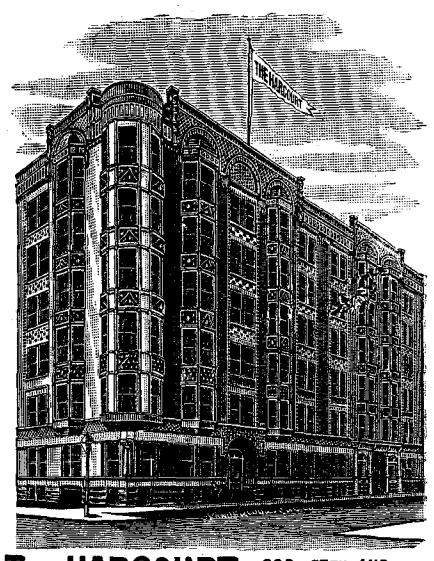
WORLD'S FAIR GUESTS desiring Rooms near Jackson Park, address Mrs. ISHAM, 4344 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago. Terms 75 cts. to $1.25 per day each person. References given.

Illinois



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The Leading Hotel in every respect. Finest location on the New Jersey coast. Address
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TRENTON HOUSE, Asbury Park, N. J.—Sixteenth season. Near the ocean and Wesley Lake. Superior table and service. Artesian water and perfect sanitary arrangements. Mrs. M. F. Wagner, P. O. Box 1003.

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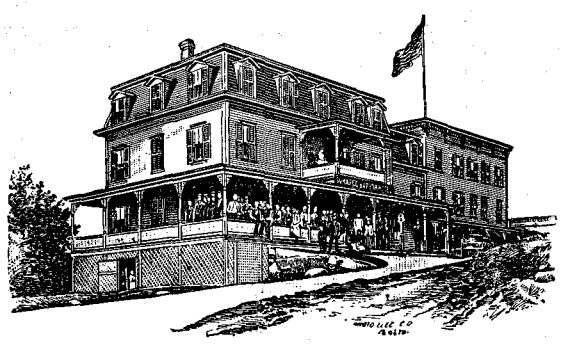
Modern conveniences; steam heat; open fires; piazzas under glass. S. N. SEVERANCE & SON, Props.



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ADIRONDACK MTS.
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The most elegant family hotel in Saratoga, with unsurpassed cuisine. Open to November 1st. For particulars address
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Finest location, New Management, all modern conveniences, Excellent Cuisine. First-class accommodations for 125 guests. $2.00 to $2.50 per day. Special rates for the season.
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A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, open fireplaces, sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with private baths. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all remedial appliances. New Turkish and Russian baths never surpassed in Oriental elegance and completeness. Send for illustrated circular.

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The most healthful and attractive summer resort in the world.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL

Open for the reception of guests. Send for exquisite illustrated souvenir pamphlet to
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"The Outlook"

We had not intended to reprint more "Echoes of the Press" than those collated last week, but we must make an exception from among many since received in favor of the following paragraph from "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly:"

"Another recent literary event of interest [the editor has been speaking of the reduction of price by the "Cosmopolitan Magazine"] is the change of the name of The Christian Union to The Outlook. Ordinarily publishers of newspapers contemplating changes of names precede the fact with repeated anticipatory announcements designed to catch and hold attention, apparently imagining that the name is everything, and forgetting that the public is only concerned in what it stands for. The Christian Union, disdaining all sensational artifices, changes its name by a simple statement on its editorial page, and then dismisses the matter as of no further concern. When we remember that the change of name of a newspaper or magazine is often a subject of business perplexity; that many publishers, influenced by apprehensions of pecuniary loss, refrain from such changes, as well as from alterations in the typographical and artistic make-up of their publications which are demanded by every consideration of good taste, the course of The Christian Union becomes all the more notable, both on the score of courage and fidelity to sound business canons. It counts, of course, upon the loyalty of its clientele, and it will not be disappointed. A paper of the very highest order, ably and discriminatingly edited, fearless of spirit, and reflecting more nearly than any other paper of its class the broadening thought of the times as to all social, moral, and religious questions, it will command as The Outlook the same wide, if not a far wider, influence, and a larger constituency than it has enjoyed under the honored name which now becomes only a memory."

—Upon resigning the chair of Civil Law on June 10 at Oxford, Professor James Bryce delivered an interesting and masterly valedictory address.

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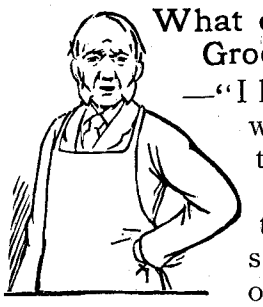

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Announcement

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The Outlook is a book-lover's and book-reader's paper, and will be so edited as to stimulate the reading of the best books. In the special department of Books and Authors it will present from week to week a survey of all books, pointing out general literary tendencies and describing significant literary movements, not from the standpoint of technical criticism, but endeavoring to discern in the art of literature not only excellence of form and beauty of style, but also the spiritual and intellectual tendencies of the age.

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The Home Department of The Outlook recognizes fully the breadth of the interests and occupations of women in this distinctively woman's age, and will discuss all matters of interest to women in religious, philanthropic, literary, artistic, public, and domestic life, endeavoring to keep in mind especially the needs of those women who, by reason of the multiplicity of domestic cares, stand in special need of a bright, intelligent, and dispassionate interpreter and reporter of the time in which we live. The children of the family, on the side of instruction and of entertainment, will be constantly kept in mind in the Young People's Department, to which stories, special articles, and other contributions will be made by those who have given the fullest thought to the needs of children.

"The Greater Glory"

The serial story with this title, begun in the issue of The Outlook for July 1, will continue for several months. It is unquestionably the strongest work of fiction published by this journal since Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" appeared in its columns. The author of "The Greater Glory," Mr. Maarten Maartens, though of Dutch birth and early training, has a remarkable command of English, and is a creative literary artist of the first order. His novels, "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," and "God's Fool," have received instant recognition from critics and public. Of "God's Fool" this paper said editorially, six months ago: "It deals directly, not with some phases of modern evil, but with the root and core of the whole of it, so far as it takes on social and industrial forms. Whoever reads this book aright will find in it a searching comparison of the true ideals of a Christian society with the realities of conduct in such a society." The same underlying purpose will be found in Mr. Maartens's new novel.

How to Reach Men

A notable series of articles by distinguished preachers and laymen of many denominations begins with the first issue of The Outlook for July. The articles have been written in reply to the questions, How ought the minister to preach so as to reach the hearts and lives of men? and, How ought the church to carry out its work—with what methods and forms of organization—so as to promote that spiritual life? The writers of the papers on these subjects will be selected as representative of different sections of the country and for their special experience in the problems of modern religious life and needs. Thus it is hoped to obtain the fruits of experience in church and pulpit work from men in actual service, together with suggestions of new methods. Among the contributors to this series will be the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, of New York City; the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickinson, of Boston; the Rev. Thomas C. Hall, of Chicago; the Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. W. P. Thirkeld, of Atlanta; the Rev. J. K. McLean, of Oakland, Cal.; the Rev. Thomas L. Cole, of Portland, Oregon, and others.

The New Literary Movement

Illustrated articles will be printed from time to time during the year on the Younger Literary Men at home and abroad. Special papers will be devoted to the schools of poetry and fiction developed in the last few years in England, France, Holland, and Japan. Portraits of representative writers of each country will be given. The Rev. W. E. Griffis will write the articles relating to Holland and Japan; Mr. Grant Richard, of the London "Review of Reviews," those relating to English poets and novelists; other writers will be announced later on. It is hoped in this series to furnish an interesting view of fresh literary activities and of the intellectual tendencies of the age.

Industrial America

Mr. Charles B. Spahr, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, is now making an extended tour through the South, the West, and the Northwest, to study for The Outlook the present industrial conditions of the country. He will contribute to the paper, as a result of his investigation, a series of articles under the general title of "Industrial America." The increasing interest among all classes of people in this country in economic questions, of importance both to labor and to capital, leads the managers of The Outlook to believe that some such careful and expert study of the human interests involved is especially timely. In this series on Industrial America The Outlook will endeavor to put human and vital interests first, and it believes that in this way light may be thrown on how right theories may be applied to practical every-day life.

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Financial

The week past opened with rates for money still ruling high, and there were indications that the uneasy state of the money market might continue. These indications grew out of a strained condition over on the other side in the London markets. Settling day there promised to develop trouble, especially among brokers in American securities. This promise was fulfilled to a certain extent, and some nine failures took place, most of them unimportant, but one or two of considerable magnitude; this caused a renewal of liquidation of Americans in the London market, which at once reflected itself in our markets, especially with those shares here that are listed on the foreign boards. A decline of from four to eight per cent. occurred, based largely on this foreign condition, assisted by the bear party here. With this decline the uneasiness of holders became serious; but, fortunately, money eased, rates returned to legal figures for call loans, and the decline in prices was checked. The extreme fluctuations were heavy, but towards the close of the week an improvement commenced which advanced quotations four or five per cent. in the more active shares. These aggravating and demoralizing periods of depression are easily traceable to the distrust and doubt which prevail as to the outcome of our anticipated currency legislation; fear occasionally overcomes hope in the peculiarly sensitive state of the public mind, and then returns a lapse in values and further losses to holders who are obliged to liquidate. During the past few days, however, the feeling has seemed to strengthen that public sentiment in favor of the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Law is rapidly growing, and is taking in sections of the country heretofore strongly silver. The disastrous effect of the law is becoming so apparent that ignorant prejudice is dissipating. Disaster carries its own wisdom born of hard experience, and this is changing sentiment all over the Nation, until it is believed that prompt action will come with the meeting of Congress and the law will be soon a thing of the past.

The chief drawback to an improvement in security markets still hinges on the difficulty of making time loans; if money should ease up for the next month or two, and time loans become practical, the prospects otherwise would almost insure a rapid recovery of values. In the meantime, merchants, institutions, and manufacturers are suffering for need of regular facilities for financiering; perfectly solvent concerns are obliged to assign for lack of legitimate accommodations, discounts are still difficult to procure because of the prevailing distrust, and credits are yet undergoing curtailment. It matters little how much currency we have: double it, and yet, with the distrust present, contraction of credits will prevent its circulation and produce suffering; divide it, and give us back confidence, and the currency will be ample. The mistaken idea that the more currency the more prosperity is being exploded in the face of our present crisis; and so men are learning by experience. The banks of New York City are becoming stronger in money resources, and are disposed to relieve the situation as far as possible; indeed, our banks here have been handled with great tact and wisdom during this period of trial, and they should be credited, more than any other financial power in the country, with having done much in preventing greater disaster. Gold begins to come from the other side in driblets, but the Bank of England resists its withdrawal with all of its power; it has got to yield some, however, for our exports of merchandise are increasing, and our gold necessities will surely command the metal before long. In the meantime the United States Treasury is building up its gold reserve, and is nearly back to the legal reserve of $100,000,000, mostly increased from the receipt of gold certificates from the banks, which have exchanged them for much-needed small currency. The earnings of some of the silver State railways have decreased of late, together with those roads dependent on traffic from these States; while the Western roads generally keep up a good showing. The crop reports, official and otherwise, indicate an aggregate wheat crop of 400,000,000 bushels, and a corn crop larger than any yet produced—probably 2,200,000,000 bushels or more. The wheat crop is small, but the surplus over is large. We may hope for better prices for wheat abroad with the indications of short crop in some sections of Europe and India.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$5,186,100
Specie, increase	565,200
Legal tenders, decrease	878,600
Deposits, decrease	4,505,300
Reserve, increase	812,925

This leaves the surplus reserve of the city banks still short of the legal requirements about $4,000,000.

Money closes at 3 per cent. to 4 per cent.

WALL STREET.

FINANCIAL

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Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

CASH CAPITAL $500,000 00
Reserve for Reinsurance and all other claims 2,541,873 61
Surplus over all Liabilities 141,428 86
TOTAL ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1893,
$3,183,302.47

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CHAS. P. PEROT, *Vice-President.*
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"Questions which have always been debated with an immense amount of controversy, most of which has served only to convert dusk into darkness. This little volume really flashes a clear light upon the subject. Rarely do we find so much freshness of thought combined with so much felicity of diction."—*The Christian World*, London, Eng.

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Some Elemental Doctrines in Modern Form. [The Living God; The Holy Trinity; What is Left of the Bible; The Immortal Life.] 16mo, *White Leatherette, 35 cents.*

"Lofty spiritual teaching enforced in a fit eloquence all the nobler because free of narrowness, enriched by wide reading and enforced by a clear, sound, and reverential mind."—*The Modern Church*, Glasgow, Scotland.

"Fearless, frank, and serene in manner, and always with a hopeful attitude toward the thought and speculation of the present day."—*Independent*, N. Y.

In Preparation

The Pilgrim in Old England

Lectures on the Origin, History, Present Condition, and Outlook of the Independent or Congregational Churches in England. The Southworth Lectures in the Andover Theological Seminary for 1892. Cr. 8vo, *Cloth, gilt top, $2.00.*

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WANTED—Position for fall to teach vocal music (also piano accompaniments) in school or family by a lady thoroughly experienced as singer and teacher. Address "HIGHEST REFERENCES," No. 4,849, care of this paper.

FOR SALE—Two-story brick house in good repair. Barn; orchard and other fruit; 4 acres of good land; in Crown Point. Inquire of Mrs. L. N. PAGE, Crown Point, N. Y.

A GRADUATE of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, with five years' experience in oral work, desires a private pupil, or will give instruction in lip-reading only. References exchanged. Address Miss VIOLA TAYLOR, The Maples, Rome, Bradford Co., Pa.

A SMITH COLLEGE GRADUATE desires a position as teacher. Private school preferred. Specialties Latin, French, and German. Excellent references. Address A. B. S., No. 4,875, care of The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y.

WANTED—A few active young men desiring a good preparation for college and wishing to partly pay their way by work. BURR & BURTON SEMINARY, Manchester, Vermont.

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WANTED—A situation in California or Colorado as attendant on an invalid or elderly person; to give lessons in Latin, German, and Mathematics; to read aloud; or as housekeeper. Address A. F. E., No. 4,798, The Outlook, New York City.

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Dr. Holmes in the Country

I was curious to know about Dr. Holmes's experience of country life (says the Rev. Dr. Hale in "McClure's Magazine"), he knows all nature's processes so well. So he told me how it happened that he went to Pittsfield. It seems that, a century and a half ago, his ancestor, Jacob Wendell, had a royal grant for the whole township there, with some small exception, perhaps. The place was at first called Pontoosuc, then Wendelltown, and only afterward got the name of Pittsfield from William Pitt. One part of the Wendell property descended to Dr. Holmes's mother. When he had once seen it he was struck with its beauty and fitness for a country home, and asked her that he might have it for his own. It was there that he built a house in which he lived for eight or nine years. He said that the Housatonic winds backwards and forwards through it, so that to go from one end of his estate to the other in a straight line required the crossing it seven times. Here his children grew up, and he and they were enlivened anew every year by long summer days there. He was most interesting and animated as he spoke of the vigor of life and work and poetical composition which come from being in the open air and living in the country. He wrote, at the request of the neighborhood, his poem of "The Ploughman," to be read at a cattle-show in Pittsfield. "And when I came to read it afterwards, I said, 'Here it is! Here is open-air life, here is what breathing the mountain air and living in the midst of nature does for a man!' And I want to read you now a piece of that poem, because it contained a prophecy." And while he was looking for the verses, he said, in the vein of the Autocrat, "Nobody knows but a man's self how many good things he has done."

A Rothschild on Mount Carmel

The Jewish colonists in Palestine had a pleasant surprise a few weeks ago, in the sudden appearance among them of their munificent benefactor, Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The children of the Zichrou Jacob colony greeted him with songs and escorted him to the synagogue, where he spoke briefly, exhorting the colonists to show themselves good and loyal subjects of the Sultan who has been so kind to them, and to walk faithfully in the ways of Judaism. "How my heart rejoices," he exclaimed, "when I see Carmel covered with vineyards, planted and cultivated by Jews!" Then there was an informal reception, in the course of which he expressed his regret at hearing the colonists talk Yiddish, which he told them was no language at all, and urged them to learn Hebrew. "I hope," he said, "that at my next visit you will be able to welcome me in the holy tongue." Next he visited the bazar, where he advised the traders to deal in useful things, not in luxuries. In the evening there was a general illumination in his honor. The next day he inspected the vineyards, wine-presses, and mills, attended a representation of a Hebrew play, "Zerubabel," by the school-children, and made a speech to their mothers. "Offer up your prayers daily," he said, "as my saintly mother did, who prayed three times a day; perform with your own hands the domestic duties, and lend help to your husband in the fields. Know that the eyes of the whole world are turned to the colonies in Palestine. Show, then, to the world that the Jews can be at the same time hard workers and pious Jews."

The "Hebrew Standard" learns that the Sultan has revoked the harsh law which forbade the Jewish colonists in Palestine to acquire immovable property or to transfer any such property already acquired.

The German Soldier's Feet

There are two things which the German officer does not and cannot condone—one is non-efficiency of the soldier's rifle, the other a chafed foot (writes Poultney Bigelow in "Harper's Monthly"). If either of these two takes place on the march or during the maneuvers, the soldier is immediately punished with arrest, and is not allowed to offer any excuse. During the different maneuvers of German army corps that I have attended, I cannot recall a handful of foot-sore men in the course of a day's work, and yet at all these field operations forced marches are a feature, in order to test the endurance of officers and men. The secret of this uniform excellence as regards marching powers lies in the training which the men receive. When they enter their company as recruits in October, the first thing that is impressed upon their minds is the importance of the shoe and the musket. No pains are spared in giving the men at the start comfortable footgear, and they are expected to look after this with as much interest as if it were a chronometer. In the spring following, when the snow is off the ground, marches are undertaken, and these are regulated as carefully as are the strokes and the courses of the college crew under the hands of the trainer. Each day the men march half a mile or so farther than the day before; each day they carry on their backs an ounce or two more; each day the speed they are able to maintain is carefully noted; in fact, the record of a company's marching from day to day, until late into the summer, when they move into the open country, is kept as minutely as if it were a single picked company training for a match or a competitive drill The German soldier is educated and trained for the purpose of fighting, and to have a man fall out before he reaches the fire-line is looked upon as quite as much a disaster as if he had been shot and wounded by the enemy. The art of war, as practiced in Germany, is very much the art of "getting there," and it is the general who posts himself most advantageously at the critical moment that may be assumed to have won the battle.

Advance in Price of Coal

need not increase the cost of other necessaries. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and Druggists.

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Patent lambskin-with-wool-on swob and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store.

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Actors, lecturers, and writers will find in it a brain nourisher and nerve stimulant. 33

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Barytes	59.36 per cent.	Regis Chauvenet
Oxide of Zinc	34.18 per cent.	& Bro.,
White Lead	6.46 per cent.	St. Louis.

Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand

"Pacific Warranted Pure [A] White Lead."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Sulphate of Lead	4.18 per cent.	Ledoux & Co.,
Oxide of Zinc	45.04 per cent.	New York.
Barytes	50.68 per cent.	

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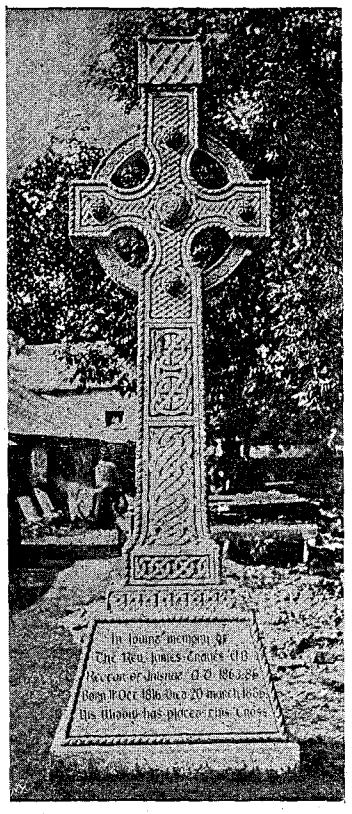

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TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, OWNERS, AND OCCUPANTS OF HOUSES

Since the completion of *five* of the six sides of every room, hall, and closet consists of plaster, there is nothing in the economy of building upon which so much depends for neatness, elegance, and durability as perfect walls and ceilings. Yet, until the production of King's Windsor Asbestos Cement Dry Mortar (and that, too, at a price not exceeding the cost of fair common wall plaster), this feature in the art of building had not kept pace with other building improvements.

EXPLANATION RELATING TO OUR DRY MORTAR

Within the past three or four years we have made and sold about a million and a half barrels of our wall material known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which masons have mixed their *own* sand; but, finding that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amount* and *quality* of sand to be used with it, and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *quality* of this essential ingredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SAND PLANT, and now incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best selected, silicious, sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened, washed,* and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

ASSURANCE OF PERFECT WALLS AND CEILINGS

By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion, quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

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The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand*; 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried); the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster (for scratch and brown coats) stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard:* Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price, $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

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Though so far superior to all other wall plasters, it costs no more than common plaster, and, therefore, can be universally afforded and for all classes of buildings. It is three times stronger—three times harder—free from acid or any other corrosive or otherwise injurious chemicals. The water with which it is wet up is largely taken up by the set, and does not, therefore, evaporate, and so *saturate* the wood-work of the structure. It adheres stronger to brick, all kinds of lath and other building materials—is more easily applied—saves time, as the carpenters can almost immediately follow the plasterers—is not injured by frost after it has once set. As it is wet-up *within* the structure, the plasterers are not delayed by storms or freezing temperature. It can be used and finished in any way that ordinary plaster can—registers, thimbles, etc., can be cut in without extended injury—nails can be driven into it without blemish. It relieves Architects and Owners of apprehension and anxiety attendant upon the uncertainty of securing good walls and ceilings by the use of hand-made and half-made lime-and-hair plaster. It is particularly adapted for setting tiles, slabs, floor brick, topping off chimneys, and the like—can be applied without special skill and by any plasterer. Walls and Ceilings made of our Cement are stronger, harder, tougher, more tenacious and elastic—will not pit, chip, crack, or fall off—are less porous and therefore less absorptive of water, moisture, and germs of disease, hence more wholesome and sanatory and less expensive to paint—are free from filthy tropical cattle hair, asbestos being used for fiber. They are fire, water, vermin, and germ proof—being harder, are not easily defaced—being smoother, are more agreeable to touch and vision—being water-proof, can be cleaned by washing—and they obviate heavy cost of repairs.

Because of the superior strength, adhesion, tenacity, and elasticity of our Windsor Cement, it is applicable to factories, printing-houses, etc., on which common plaster would not stand the jar.

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